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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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FATHER DAMIEN
From an early portrait by EDWARD CLIFFORD

Mr. Meek on America

IN 1844, and, appropriately enough, at Athens, Georgia, A. B. Meek, a Southern author, delivered an oration before the university, entitled "Americanism in Literature.* "I would not reproduce here, if I could," he said, and you can hear his oratory roll through the hall, "that golden age of Augustus, nor those diamond days of Elizabeth. . . . No! Americanism has a destiny of its own to accomplish in literature. It has to work out a system of thought, unlike any that has gone before, mirroring truly the new phases of humanity, of society, of government, that are here coming forth. The literatures of all other nations are entirely inadequate, unfit for Americanism. We must have a literature congenial to our institutions, to our position, to our great democratic faith. This we want exceedingly now."

This we still lack according to the critics of our day, who share Mr. Meek's further opinion: "I would not be misunderstood. I have little faith in American literature, in its tendencies and achievements thus far. We have shamefully neglected alike our mission and its opportunities." Mr. Meek was not impressed by the New England school, then at its most powerful. Cooper and Irving and Simms had pleased him. Poe was probably to him unknown. He looked around at a vast and incalculable continent, and called for a Homer, a Shakespeare, or a Milton, and they would not come.

If the present trend toward economic nationalism continues and spreads into the arts we shall hear more from the descendants of Mr. Meek; indeed it is only the uproar of seething internationalism in New York that covers their voices now. They will ask for something spacious, continental, optimistic in their literature. They will ask to be relieved from the intolerable burden of lifting complacent minds to the pitch of European problems. They will ask for the romance of expansion and material success, and for a rhetoric which, like classic Latin read by a modern, gives the illusion of greatness.

But economic nationalism at this stage of the world can end only in restricted energies and a narrower life, where industries artificially boosted by protection cut each other's throats and the farmer

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* Included in "Romantic Passages in Southwestern History." By A. B. Meek. Mobile: S. H. Goetzel & Co. 1857.

"Molokai the Blest"

THE SAMARITANS OF MOLOKAI: The Lives of Father Damien and Brother Joseph among the Lepers. By CHARLES J. DUTTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by AUSTIN STRONG

IT is difficult to write about this record impartially. When I opened Mr. Dutton's book, my boyhood rose from the pages and stood vividly before me. I heard again the roar of surf breaking on miles and miles of coral reefs; I felt again the trade winds on my cheek, the noonday heat descending like a sword, and I smelt the strong, tart scent of sandlewood and frangipani mixed with the sea-salt in the air.

Father Damien. What that name brings back! I find I know three men in this book—the first was Tusitala. As a small boy in the friendly city of Sydney, I was led by a dignified footman up the carpeted steps of the Union Club to his room. It was against all rules to allow minors inside those sacred walls, but it was also against the rules to have sick members and nurses there. The door opened, and I was in a stately room, where he lay in a great bed. Shouts of welcome! Then, like some transformation act in a Christmas pantomime, my small world of "don'ts" dissolved by magic, and I was in the place where I longed to be, a place of hilarity, of dangerous, forbidden gaiety and intoxicating freedom. I was where there was no menacing voice or disapproving eye; here I always became *me*, an honorable personage worthy of respect. My opinion was asked on every conceivable subject, my answers carefully considered, and I had that delicious thrill of finding another conspirator against an ordered, disciplined life. I was royally invited to climb upon the bed, and when I upset a tray of medicine I held my breath waiting for the voice of wrath; but no thunder broke about my head; instead, a gay voice in broad Scotch, "Gude mon, I'm unco glad to find another as thumbless as me'-sel!" With a handful of raisins I would sit

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The Ash Tree

By ROBERT HILLYER

LAST to leaf,
And first to fall,
Ash tree
Laziest of all.
When the apple tree,
Before new leaves,
Starry pattern
Whitely weaves,
When the witch-hazel
In late September
Blossoms
To bid blossoms remember,
Have you no shame,
O leafless one,
Thus to indulge yourself with sun?
To show no buds
Till April is past,
No leaves
Till summer is safe at last?
And long before
The frost is near
To strip yourself so bare?
Early to sleep
And late to rise,
If any god
Watch from the skies,
For you, immoral,
The lightning flash,—
For you first,
Then for me, O ash.

The Red Peril

By ELMER DAVIS

EVEN in these distressful times, it needs a lively imagination to see any serious danger (or hope, if you prefer) that America will go communist. What you read, and still more what you hear, among the intellectuals might lead you to think that the glorious day was at hand when, the awful summons hearing, the capitalist heaven and earth will pass away. But most of these ladies and gentlemen appear to have a somewhat vague notion of what communism is, in theory or practice, or why the ills we know not of are preferable to those we have. In fact, they would probably be among the first to be shot; when they saw communism in operation, in its early stages of gaining and consolidating power, they would be shocked; and being still under the influence of bourgeois ideology, they might give unguarded expression to their feelings before they realized that they were living in a new order which did not tolerate criticism.

However, they are not likely to be exposed to such a painful contrast between expectation and reality. The profit system as our ancestors knew it is apparently on the way out; the American economic order of the future, perhaps even the near future, will probably be something that would be unrecognizable to Alexander Hamilton or Commodore Vanderbilt. But unless a wholly improbable change occurs in the mentality of the American people, that order will be quite as alien to orthodox communism. Our communist intellectuals virtually admit that when they write cheerfully of the rivers of blood (other people's blood) that must flow before the apostles of the enlightenment succeed in giving the American proletariat what is good for them.

There begin to be signs, however, that American literature is going to have its Red peril, even though it is no more than a Red nuisance as yet. Germs that a healthy organism can throw off find a foothold in an enfeebled system, and while no part of American society looks any too vigorous at present, the intellectual group is about the sickest of the lot. In the nineteen twenties the intellectuals set up a great hullabaloo, most of which boiled down to the question, What is it all about? No satisfactory answer was found; and few intellectuals had sufficient sense of proportion or knowledge of history to realize that this misfortune was neither unprecedented nor necessarily fatal; to perceive that nobody has ever yet found a finally satisfactory answer but that somehow the human race has managed to worry along.

To admit that there are questions which even our so impressive intelligence is unable to answer, and at the same time not to despair of the ability of the human race to find, eventually, better answers than we can reach as yet—to recognize that there is nothing to do but keep on trying as well as we can, and to be as content as we can with the small gains that in the course of ages amount to something—that requires some courage and some balance; qualities which were not notably prevalent among the intellectuals of the 'twenties. Accordingly a good many of them have taken the easiest way out and yielded to the attraction of a system in which final and all-embracing truth is laid down in the sacred writings, to be authoritatively interpreted for the faithful by the communist church.

The merit of communism as an economic system is a technical question, requiring considerably more evidence than we now have before anybody can be sure of the answer. But so far as can be judged from their writings it is not communism as economics that has taken hold of the imaginations of its American intellectual converts; it is communism as a medicine for sick souls. Why not Catholicism, whose value as an anodyne has been proved by long experience? Well, for one thing (as I have argued in these pages before) because Catholicism is actually in operation in this country; a man who professed his conversion to Catholicism would be expected to behave as a Catholic and refrain from practising the seven deadly sins and from writing novels about some of them. (Not all Catholic novelists so restrict themselves, but those who do not are apt to find themselves involved in arguments with their stricter coreligionists.) But a man who professes communism may continue, pending the dawn of the red millennium over these states, to enjoy all the advantages of capitalist democracy; not the least of which, for the intellectual, is the rare felicity of being permitted to think what you like and say what you think, in print.

That is not all of it, of course. The man or woman whose intellectual background is immediately rationalist and more remotely Protestant has a subcutaneous emotional antipathy to Catholicism; he is used to thinking of Catholicism as faith, whereas communism is ostensibly a triumph of rationalism. That reason and faith are blended in about the same proportion in each does not disturb him; he takes them both at their face value. And finally a creed which sets the attainment of perfect felicity in the hereafter is less congenial to the contemporary spirit than

This Week

"HUXLEY."
Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH.

"THE RUNNING FOOTMAN."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.

"THE OLD WOMAN TALKS."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

THE BOWLING GREEN.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

WHEN THE PUBLISHER VISITS THE BOOKSELLER.
By HORACE W. STOKES.

BOOKS OF THE SPRING.

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS.
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

TRADE WINDS
By P. E. G. QUERCUS.

THE READER'S GUIDE.
Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER.

Next Week or Later

IF THE *SATURDAY REVIEW* WERE THE PULITZER PRIZE COMMITTEE.

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one which (however recklessly) envisions the perfectibility of life on earth. People in whom the judgment outweighs the emotions are likely to be skeptical of the attainment of perfect felicity by the human race, at any rate within the next million years; but those are not the people who are looking around for a Rock of Ages.

Most of us are driven to strange shifts in these hard times, and the bourgeois ideologist may doubt his right to condemn people who save their emotional comfort at the expense of their capacity for disinterested thinking. They would deny, of course, that they pay any such price. The art of reconciling faith with reason is an old one, and the communists follow respectable precedent if they accomplish it by subordinating reason to faith and holding, in the end, that what appear as facts to the eye of the unsaved cannot be facts if they contradict revelation. It may be that they are the heirs of the future, but their inheritance cannot include very much of the stored intellectual treasure of the past. They do not want it; it is "bourgeois," that is, it is hard to reconcile with the lately revealed truth; and except in pure technology they are unfitted to grasp it exactly in so far as they are good communists. It is as true now as it ever was that submission to religious dogma is poisonous to any attempt at dispassionate thinking, or to intellectual appraisal of the ideas of other men.

For proof of that you need go no farther than the analyses of international politics currently appearing in the editorials of *Izvestiya* and *Pravda*. The French General Staff and the American Farm Board are allies in a foul conspiracy for an unprovoked assault on proletarian Russia; if no such assault takes place, it is presumably because vigilant Moscow editors have exposed the plot in time. The Japanese adventure at Shanghai is only the first step in a joint attack on China by the imperialistic capitalist powers, to be followed by the apocalyptically predicted crusade against the Soviet Union. Yet at the same time, almost in the same issue, the Japanese adventure in Shanghai is proof that the greed of the predatory capitalist powers is about to lead them into wars (also prophetically predicted) against one another. The bourgeois reader is likely to wonder if the men who concoct these theories are conscious liars or merely lunatics. They are neither, of course—only devotees of a dogmatic religion, frantically trying to twist the evidence to fit the sacred doctrines.

Or, if you want an example nearer home, look at Mr. Dreiser's "Tragic America." How sound Dreiser's communism may be, in the eye of the orthodox, I do not know; but it has evidently bitten deeply enough into him to rid him of the taint of bourgeois virtues. He used to be a good newspaperman, yet "Tragic America" is full of misstatements; in his novels he has analyzed character and motivated behavior as well as any man now writing, but his treatment of the character and motives of real people in "Tragic America" is often simply childish. Dreiser the artist knew a great deal about human beings; Dreiser the convert and missionary casts away the filthy rags of profane knowledge, and glories in the all-sufficient garment of faith.

This sort of thing is no doubt effective polemic, on the tabloid level; but people on the tabloid level are not going to take the considerable trouble involved in reading anything by Dreiser. There is plenty of valid evidence available for the indictment of a political and economic order which is not being very vociferously defended, at present, by anybody but Ralph Easley and Dolly Gann; and if Dreiser had confined himself to that evidence his argument would have more effect on the sort of people who would read a Dreiser book. But the appeal from reason to the passions seems, to the bourgeois critic, a pretty constant characteristic of Communist propaganda. The Communist denies that, of course. There is no truth, no beauty, but "proletarian" truth and beauty; *dæmonum cibus est sæcularis sapientia*. If Communism gets the upper hand, all that has been thought and written in the past will be judged by new standards, and most of it condemned, as the church fathers judged the profane letters of Greece and Rome.

There is not much prospect of that misfortune overtaking America. But the Red infiltration into present-day literature is a nuisance because it imports alien and irrelevant values. It is like a conversation in two languages between people who do not understand each other. The Communist standard of truth and beauty is incommensurable with all other standards, past and present. It is a confusion of two things that do not mix; Communist art and Communist criticism are not what we call art and criticism at all. And a reader who is not persuaded that the past achievement of the human mind is one unrelieved mass of error finds himself increasingly annoyed by the intrusion into reviews and into creative writing of something that has, by our standards, nothing to do with the case.

Communist critics are only living up to their own creed when they review novels (as a good many of them have been reviewing novels lately) by this simple criterion: If it is not about the class struggle, or if it deals with personalities instead of masses, then it is not a good novel. *Omnis sapientia hominis in hoc uno est.* Some of these gentlemen show evidence of having had plenty of profane knowledge, and even taste, before their conversion; but they dutifully discard it now and measure everything by the foot rule of this new dispensation. This, perhaps, does not greatly matter, though I am old-fashioned enough to believe that the reader of a book review has a right to know something about the book, rather than about the theological opinions of the reviewer. But it is rather more serious when the frenzy of the devotee leads to the mutilation of a work of art, by the artist herself.

The recent "Call Home the Heart," for instance, is, for the first half of its considerable length, one of the finest of American novels. It has pity, passion, elevation, a long list of characters clearly and plausibly realized; as you read it you are carried along on the current, completely surrendered to the illusion—and when you suddenly find yourself absorbing a communist missionary sermon that lasts for eight solid pages you feel as if the second act of "Tristan" has been embellished with a long interpolation by a Salvation Army band. Thereafter the missionary sermons overshadow the story to such an extent that you are doubtful, for a while, whether this is communist propaganda or a not very skilful parody of communist propaganda. But it seems to be intended seriously; and it goes on and on till the very end, when the author, apparently not without shame for her weakness, permits herself a relapse into art. Her mountain heroine, descending into the plains and embracing the new faith, finally goes back to the mountains; her faith is firm, but she is too weak to labor in the vineyard; she can preach communism, but her blood revolts against physical contact with a negress (and its corollaries in communist doctrine). But despite this revulsion she seems able to swallow preachments that have wearied the reader long before.

The lady who calls herself Fielding Burke is an enthusiastic convert to the faith, but she cannot help looking backward occasionally toward the City of Destruction. She believes in the infallible Marxian Scriptures, and her criticism of truth is as strictly dogmatic as the most rigid of the faithful could ask; but when it comes to beauty she has some deplorable falls from grace. For she is an artist and she has not been able to rid herself altogether of an unregenerate weakness for bourgeois standards of beauty and proportion—even for bourgeois virtues. The chapters dealing with a Carolina mill town bring an authentic proletariat into the story; and Miss Burke commits the pretty nearly unpardonable offense of treating them as individual human beings and not as a mass. But her spirit is willing enough even if the flesh is sometimes feeble; she is ready to pluck out her right eye if it offends her, and the bourgeois reader can only be grateful that the left eye somehow escaped the same fate.

You will have to go a long way to find a more flagrant example of the disastrous consequences of a headlong collision between faith and art. The tolerant liberal will say, of course, that an author has a right to use her work as propaganda for her point of view. True enough; but the bourgeois ideology requires an author who does that to justify her faith by her works. A work of art aims at producing what may be called an illusion, in default of a better word; if the propaganda (or anything else) shatters that illusion, the novel has been spoiled by bourgeois standards of taste and the propaganda—also by bourgeois standards—becomes unconvincing.

So long as Miss Burke keeps her argument within the framework of the illusion and permits her doctrine to be inferred from what happens to the people in her story, the propaganda is powerfully effective. She knows her Carolina mill hands, and it may be presumed that she reports correctly what she has seen in a Carolina mill town. By mere presentation of what that means in its effect on the lives of human beings, she makes you feel that any social order which permits this sort of thing is self-condemned, that nothing could be worse.

If an artist who happened to believe in communism as the saving gospel had wanted to write propaganda for the faith that would be effective on the unconverted, she would have done this and no more. But nothing will satisfy her but drenching her later chapters in the sincere milk of the Word, and the unsaved will find that milk pretty sour. On those who are already true believers the last half of the book may have the stimulant effect of a revival meeting; but the people she is presumably trying to convert are not likely to be moved to any emotion more lofty than derision. Every claim made for communism of the ideal future is accepted as a present fact; any counter-weight of practical difficulty in fulfilment of program is serenely ignored. Even [illegible] metic the bourgeois ideology is [illegible]y and the hundred and fifty mil[illegible]ssians become, by proletarian [illegible]tion, one sixth of the world's population.

As an artist Miss Burke is highly sensitive to pain and cruelty; as a communist she knows that the only thing to do with people who disagree with her about the most effective method of improving the lot of the human race is to shoot them. Before the class struggle runs away with the story all the characters are realized with justice and insight; but the mill owner's wife is a figure from a comic strip and the professor who is set up as the intellectual champion of capitalism is a venal hireling aware of his own baseness and deliberately shutting his eyes to the true light. Moreover, Miss Burke is careful to give him only such arguments as could be knocked over by any bright pupil in a communist kindergarten. And, true to the faith, she reserves her bitterest scorn for the socialists. The mill owner and his daughter, if not his wife, are permitted some trace of human decency; but there is no redeeming merit at all in the characters who happen to be Marxians of a schismatic sect.

This is not only bad art from a good artist, but ineffective propaganda from a writer who has shown that she can produce good propaganda. It can be rationally explained only on the theory that when the hallelujah urge gets hold of her Miss Burke forgets everything but the ecstasies of the sawdust trail. It is argument by assertion such as can be heard every Sunday from Fundamentalist pulpits, and it springs from the same state of mind; it would be unimportant if it were not the work of the remarkable woman who wrote the first two hundred pages of "Call Home the Heart."

Christian mobs, in the fourth century, sometimes destroyed priceless statues because they happened to be images of pagan gods. There were no sculptors in the fourth century, Christian or pagan, capable of turning out priceless statues; but I do not doubt that here and there some sculptor, upon conversion, may have mutilated a work of which he himself at any rate had previously thought pretty well. There are Christian writers scattered all through the early centuries in whom love and hatred of profane learning are about as unstably balanced as they are in Miss Burke; but in the main, in those days, hatred got the upper hand.

Historical parallels are never quite parallel, and the obvious resemblance between contemporary communism and early Christianity, in their relation to world society, can easily be pushed too far. None the less, each of them professes to be a transvaluation of all previous values; in the case of Christianity the majority influence, for centuries, was against profane learning; and what the Church preserved of ancient truth and beauty, though it is pretty nearly all that was preserved at all, is considerably less than what Christianity destroyed. The present tendency of communism is in the same direction, and we are indebted to Miss Burke for furnishing, in the first and second halves of her book, an object lesson in the difference between bourgeois and proletariat art. If communism eventually gets the upper hand, what has hitherto been called literature is likely to be supplanted by something more on the order of the lives of the saints.

Christianity, of course, is not the only reason for the virtual disappearance of creative literature between the fourth and the eleventh centuries; they may both, ultimately, have been effects of the same cause, an unexplained alteration in the direction of the Mediterranean mind. None the less, the setting of human aspirations on the world to come and the constriction of human thought within the limits of dogma were powerful influences contributing to the repression of whatever literature the men of the Dark Ages might have been capable of producing. Eventually Christianity was humanized, as was Mohammedanism which began so fanatically; as communism no doubt will be when it passes out of the missionary phase. But it is not altogether pleasant to reflect that we may have a few centuries more of Dark Ages ahead of us, and that many of the enthusiasts who recently were busy freeing American literature from the last of the shackles imposed long ago by the Church are now so busy trying to replace the ineffectual tyranny lately thrown off by a new tyranny, which would be more jealously vigilant and more inflexibly dogmatic for generations to come.

I do not think that is going to happen, in this country; but it is to that event that communist literature looks. Individual communists can be artists, as Miss Burke proves in the first half of her book; but under present conditions they will be good artists—as artists have been defined for the past three thousand years—only to such extent as they are bad communists. American literature, whether creative or critical, is not likely to profit much by the contribution of dogmatics whose standards of truth and beauty are as different from ours as were the standards of Orosius from those of Thucydides.

Hugh Walpole, writing of Sir Walter Scott, in the London *Observer*, says: "It is not as a historical novelist that he now stakes his claim. A hundred years ago it was of the utmost importance for English letters that he should correct the false romanticism of Horace Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, and the others. But false romanticism has been corrected quite sufficiently by this time; the danger runs a little nowadays in the other direction. Scott now appears to us as the finest creator in the history of the novel of the ordinary human being. It is not his kings and queens, although James and Louis and Elizabeth are grand achievements, that give him now his value. It is his gallery of homely men and women, the marvellous rhythm and naturalness of his Scottish dialect, the tenderness and humor of his understanding that put him second only to Shakespeare as the creator of everyday men and women."

"Stresemann has been dead more than two years," says the London *Observer*, "and we have had several biographies. But it was his intention to write a book of his own—a history of his time which would be autobiographical. The material was collected before he died, and the first volume is now ready."

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A Great Victorian

HUXLEY. By CLARENCE AYRES. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1932.

HUXLEY, PROPHET OF SCIENCE. By HOUSTON PETERSON. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

BOTH of the above biographers seem to have assumed that their excellent books would be restricted to an audience which itself has something of the Huxleyian viewpoint—in short, that Huxley's battles are all won. We wonder. Is it true that theology no longer tells us what to believe about the significance of man and his place in nature? Is it true that man no longer savors of Divinity? Is it true that there is no longer any revealed religion, any miraculous phenomenon, any reverence for inspired authority? That men of science no longer order their steps by two ways of thinking: one, a rigid adherence to the casualty which reigns in the cold laboratories of the inorganic and organic sciences; and another, some variety of warming-pan philosophy with which to drive the chilblains of deterministic mechanism out of their shivering souls? Is it true that we understand the meaning of evolution and are prepared to face the philosophical consequences?

Hardly, and it is with cheer, then, that I see Huxley brought to life again—the Huxley who descended from the realms of science into the placid and faithful lives of the Victorians, to do battle for Darwin's "Origin of Species" against Christianity, the clergy, miracles, revelation, dogma, the current social system, and all faith and humbug what-so-ever; the Huxley who battered with hammer and tongs at the moral and philosophical waxworks, glass-covered flowers, and precious bric-a-brac which had accumulated in the mental parlors of the nineteenth century; the Huxley who saw better than many astronomers and physicists today that the antagonism between theology and science can never be dissipated.

It is a relatively easy matter to assign Huxley to his proper place in history, but it is not so easy to assign him to his proper place in science and philosophy. He was indeed great as a scientist, teacher, popularizer of science, but in the perspective of fifty years these facets of the man have faded beside his unequaled penchant for battle. He fought Prime Ministers, unscrupulous scientists, pseudo-scientific philosophers, and public apathy and ignorance with the same fervor as he fought his arch enemy, revealed religion. With an unsurpassed power to speak and write simply, clearly, forcefully—as probably no man before or since—he let no weed of faith so much as raise its head in his scientific garden of unbelief. He drew men to his standard with the promise of facts and the warning to accept nothing else, and he charged his enemies with the battle cry "Give me evidence!" He would have no traffic with reconcilers, and the very fact that at least one of his biographers can write with no single word of apology for him or his viewpoint is convincing testimony to the significance of his battles and his leadership.

Evolution was, in some form or other, an old subject. It was Darwin's essential contribution to extract from twenty year's experience with natural history a theory of how evolution comes about—the role of natural selection. When, following the "Origin of Species," the subject passed from scientific circles into the serious conversation of the parlor, Bishop Wilberforce rose at a meeting of the British Association to denounce it. But, as Mr. Peterson relates it:

> . . . in the course of his brief and amateurish discussion of genealogies, he had turned smilingly to Huxley and said something to this effect: "I should like to ask Professor Huxley, who is sitting by me and is about to tear me to pieces when I have sat down, as to his belief in being descended from an ape. Is it on his grandfather's or his grandmother's side that the ape ancestry comes in?" As the bishop continued his tirade, Huxley remarked in an undertone to Sir Benjamin Brodie; "The Lord hath delivered him into my hands."

"That sagacious old gentleman stared at me as if I had lost my senses. But, in fact, the bishop had justified the severest retort I could devise, and I made up my mind to let him have it. I was careful, however, not to rise until the meeting called for me—then I let go. . . ."

Of course the audience called for him, but greeted him with hardly a cheer. "A slight tall figure, stern and pale, very quiet and very grave," he went quickly about his task. He exposed the ignorance and the reasoning power of the bishop. He made a lucid statement of Darwin's main ideas. He took up the insolent question regarding his ancestry:

"I asserted—and I repeat—that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling it would rather be a man—a man of restless and versatile intellect—who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice."

The effect was tremendous. One lady fainted. Another jumped up in her chair. The applause which had increased during the speech ended in an ovation rivalling the bishop's.

On this insult to a deserving Bishop Huxley became the champion of science. The story of the ensuing thirty years war is worth reading. Both Mr. Ayres and Mr. Peterson have told it well. Mr. Peterson's book is perhaps easier reading because the natural sequence of events is followed more closely and there is less interpolated material. Mr. Ayres has approached his subject with greater insight into the nuances of the science and philosophy of the period. The viewpoints of the two authors, though dissimilar, are without prejudice. There is a subtle revealing of viewpoint in the paragraphs which I have quoted below, which speak for themselves to readers interested in the philosophy of science. Mr. Peterson says:

> Agnosticism began, not as a philosophy in Huxley's mind, but as a labor-saving device, a social technique for avoiding wasteful or over-subtle discussions, while science hurried along its triumphant course. It did not solve fundamental philosophical issues but dismissed them for more pressing and what seemed to be more important problems. To speak somewhat cynically, agnosticism was a white flag which Huxley and his small company carried as they walked through the country of orthodoxy and placed dynamite under offensive buildings. It was a temporary makeshift in a busy age and could not be satisfactory to scientific or religious minds which had time for criticism.

Mr. Ayres remarks, *a propos* of Huxley's argument with Gladstone about the Gadarene swine,

> . . . and yet, strangely enough, even in this advanced age—or should one say because of it?—reconciling science and theology is decidedly the order of the day. Never have scientists themselves been more disposed to "walk delicately among 'types' and allegories." To be sure, the allegories are somewhat subtler now than they were a generation and a half ago. There is less of the odor of the sty about them. Nevertheless those masters of modern subtlety who conceive that it is a triumph of understanding to interpret the indeterminacy of the electron as a manifestation of the Creative Will of the Almighty might perhaps do better if they would cultivate Huxley's passion for clearness and answer bluntly whether they believe the Hebrew demonology or not.

Mr. Ayres closes his book on an interesting note: Huxley: Author of "Darwinism."

> I think a detailed comparison of Darwin's and Huxley's published works would indicate very clearly that Darwin's interest was focussed from first to last upon the general theory of species-development and upon the biological mechanisms by virtue of which development takes place, whereas Huxley's interest from first to last was focussed upon man, man's relation to the anthropoids and the significance of that relationship for the interpretation of all things human. As everyone knows, "The Origin of Species" mentions the human species only once and then on the penultimate page and with complete vagueness. "Man's Place in Nature," on the contrary, is wholly devoted to the subject indicated by the title. . . .
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> . . . Evolution, we are told, is effecting an intellectual revolution in modern society. Its incidence is incalculably great upon every department of thought and so even upon the structure of civilization itself. The civilization of men who know themselves to be super-apes—to borrow a poignant phrase from Mr. Clarence Day—is bound to be different from that of men who believe themselves to be fallen angels. But what evolution is it that is permeating modern thought in this fashion? It is, I have ventured to think, Huxleyism: the theory of the anthropoid descent of man and its inevitable implications—the implications which Huxley was so determined, and Darwin so reluctant, to acknowledge. Huxley did not spin the idea from his own insides while hanging intellectually in mid-air. Perhaps he did after all only draw certain inevitable conclusions from the general theory of evolution. What I mean to suggest is that he did draw conclusions and, if the modern world is any index, important ones. Indeed, I am not at all sure that what chiefly concerns the modern world is not precisely Huxley's all too inevitable conclusions. These conclusions constitute what most people, friends and enemies alike, most frequently mean by evolution.

Homer W. Smith, professor of science in New York University, is the author of a volume entitled "Kamongo" which is shortly to be issued by the Viking Press, and which is a brilliant presentation of evolutionary theory in the manner of a fictional narrative.

Humbert Wolfe, writing in the London *Observer* of the late Harold Monro in his elder years, says: "He was distracted by the noises of the world and their patient reflection in post-war verse. He himself never sought, in representing the death of civilization, to imitate the hero's dying noises in his verse. He was never guilty of perversities in art for himself, but his catholic sympathy made him ready to forgive them in other and lesser men. For himself he became more and more withdrawn upon his inner consciousness. In 'Real Property' and 'The Earth for Sale'—his last two books in verse—he turned bewildered, though contemplative, eyes on a world that was in the market as shop-soiled—no further use, owner having gone abroad. . . . His poetry therefore plunged into a borderland between darkness and a marsh-light. He saw and recorded large and threatening shapes, but he remained unafraid."

A PHASE OF LONDON LIFE WHICH LAY FAR OUTSIDE THE RUNNING FOOTMAN'S EXPERIENCE. From a drawing by Cruikshank.

My Lord Rides Forth

THE RUNNING FOOTMAN. By JOHN OWEN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MR. OWEN'S earlier books have shown something of the quality of this latest tale; like it they have shuddered away from cruelty, delighted in love and beauty, and dissolved at times into an almost lyrical rapture over the charms of the countryside. But they have not had the finished ease of this romantic narrative, its pliancy of mood and easy welding of scene to scene, nor have they so successfully held sentiment from brimming over into mere sentimentality. "The Running Footman" is a delicate and artistic book, sprung of a quick awareness of the pathetic and the beautiful in human emotions and from an abhorrence of the harsh and the ruthless in human conduct. It is a dramatic book not so much in its incidents as in its pitting of unyielding arrogance and vanity against simplicity and unquestioning devotion to an ideal,. and it is a fresh and original one by reason of the completeness with which Mr. Owen sets forth his thesis that "the moment in which we see with the eye of love is the moment in which we see truly."

The novel is laid in the England of the eighteenth century, at a time when the impress of the French Revolution was to be seen in the stirrings of a new social philosophy, and when the doctrines of Rousseau were inciting even the aristocracy to an uneasy questioning of the immutability of class privilege. The end of a period was at hand, but some of its forms still remained, and of its customs, already becoming obsolete, there still survived in the establishment of My Lord Viscount Bringle, of Bringle, in the county of Suffolk, the inhuman habit of preceding the equipage of the master by a running footman who, unless he desired a taste of the driver's whip, was forced to maintain a distance of thirty feet ahead of the horses, at times for fifty or sixty miles at a stretch. This is the story John Deere, who entered Bringle's service to indulge his mother's desire for first-hand news of the gentry, remained in it, despite an agony of suffering and shattered health, because he fell victim to a hopeless love, and died in ignorance that the last offering of the passion which had cost his life was ignored. It is the story of a beautiful soul which grew to nobility through devotion.

Mr. Owen, with all the elements of old-fashioned melodrama at hand in the persons of the pitilessly arrogant master, the superciliously treated wife, and the children abused and denied their desires, manages to compound a story that has nothing of the melodramatic about it, but becomes a moving and convincing portrayal of the flowering of character under the influence of love and suffering. He has been amazingly successful in lending plausibility to the unlovely figure of Bringle, building up by cleverly revealing conversation a personality consistent in its self-conceit and cruelty, and depicting the Viscount in his relations to his children in such fashion as to lend complete credibility to his attitude toward his footman. But it is on the latter that the interest of the tale is firmly focussed and it is from him it derives its power. The story swings from the life below stairs to that above, in each instance developing personality through the medium of dialogue. Mr. Owen writes with feeling but with restraint; he has the ability to arouse sympathy by almost imperceptible strokes, a word here, a phrase there, a passage that welds human suffering and the loveliness of nature into an intimate communion. His pity and concern for troubled humanity invest his book with a moving dignity, while the tenderness with which he portrays his humble hero gives it a pervading appeal. There is perhaps too much repetitive incident in the book, a painfully protracted portrayal of the physical deterioration of the running footman, yet there is a cumulative intensity of sensation produced which makes an indelible impress upon the reader. "The Running Footman," like its hero, is not quickly to be forgotten.

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Here Are Riches

COMPLETE POEMS OF KEATS AND SHELLEY. With Mrs. Shelley's Notes. New York: The Modern Library. 1932. 95 cents.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES. Translated by JOHN DRYDEN. The same.

ON that hypothetical day when, escaped from the ravenous waves, we are cast up on a desolate shore, we shall hope that there will be washed alongside us on the strand a case of Modern Library books. Then, indeed, would solitude have no horrors, and we could await with equanimity the arrival of our rescuing ship. Once aboard it, as token of our gratitude, our first act would be to bestow our treasured library upon it, knowing full well that we were thereby requiting in some not insignificant measure the good deeds of our rescuers.

But it needs no desert isle to make the Modern Library collection, in part or in whole, one ardently to be desired. What better nucleus for the shelves of a young couple about to set up housekeeping could be imagined than the many small volumes that by this time make so imposing array, and the five stalwart Giants that enshrine works too long for the smaller format? And what apartment dweller, short of space and concerned to have his library contain books that represent the "best that has been thought and said in the world," but could gather something for every mood from the lists of this collection?

Here in this assemblage of the works of the illustrious and the noteworthy are volumes for every taste. And, since the term "Modern" is in this application of elastic nature, here are books of all times and lands. Here, for instance, are the Iliad and the Odyssey, "modern," we presume, because they are as alive today as in their own age; here, too, are the "Canterbury Tales" and "Don Quixote," "Wuthering Heights" and "The Three Musketeers." Here are "Jude the Obscure" and "Zuleika Dobson," "The Way of All Flesh" and "Crime and Punishment." Side by side stand Franklin's Autobiography and "The Education of Henry Adams," Corvo's "History of the Borgias" and Samuel Pepys's "Diary," "The Philosophy of Plato" and Havelock Ellis's "The Dance of Life." Here is representation from the authors of many nations—Sudermann, Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, Strindberg, Ibsen, Schnitzler, Rodin, Rostand, Zola, and Spinoza. Here is a batch of books representing the classics of American literature, works by Hawthorne, Melville, Henry James, and Poe, and another containing the novels of the present, Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises," Faulkner's "Sanctuary," Cabell's "The Cream of the Jest."

And then there are the Giants, truly a remarkable series of books to be issued in so attractive a format at so moderate a price. In it are the "Plutarch's Lives" and the "Complete Poems of Keats and Shelley" which head our column, and the previously issued "War and Peace," Boswell's "Johnson," and "Les Miserables." Here they are, treasures of literature, complete and unabridged, printed in clear type on excellent paper, with neat bindings, and wide margins, and with introductions and notes that insure their authoritativeness. Truly here are riches.

The Twilight of Life

THE OLD WOMAN TALKS. By F. O. MANN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. MANN has chosen an interesting and peculiar technique, "The Old Woman" lies on her death bed thinking her long life over. It is as if someone overheard her talking, partly to herself, and wrote it down in her own words mainly, but with "she" and "her" instead of "I" and "mine." Her rigorous character comes through as well as her cockney idiom, and there is just enough skipping to and fro and over half forgotten years to fit the irregular ways of memory.

Her family were lower middle class, shopkeepers and working people, bustling and talkative; her husband's were country people, dumb and brooding; and the contrasting mixture of the two types is one main thread in the narrative. Her memories do not stray far from her own circle, her six children, their characters, quarrels, marriages. Most of the marriages were messy. Life was a good deal of a mess. If she had done them all a wrong in landing them in existence, maybe she had, but she couldn't help it now. They would have to play it off their own bats. She had had her day and was good only for the scrap heap now. Her life had always been vigorous; something doing always; but now it scarcely seemed her own at all, more like a rigmarole told by a stranger in language that didn't make sense. While you lived it it seemed real. And beyond it? Why, who knows? "It was quite dark now. She wished someone would bring up her tea and a little bit of toast and put a light on."

"Molokai the Blest"

(*Continued from page* 661)

at the foot of the "Lean man's" bed, and we would plunge into high, glamorous adventure, with myself as the protagonist. I had to describe my day; everything I saw, thought, and felt down to the minutest detail and give the reasons why, because life was magnificent. Our interviews were all too short. Authority, that headless monster, snatched me away like so much poison. I was too exciting for the invalid whom I left in a fit of coughing.

One day I came as usual to find all changed; no welcoming voice, even the walls looked serious, and lightning was in the air. The room was filled with strangers, and I found my gay companion lost to me. In his place was a giant who looked past me with the unseeing eye of an angry man. The air was charged with some terrible injustice done to a dead priest on a remote island in the Pacific.

I crept away unseen, feeling a very small boy indeed, having heard for the first time the name of Father Damien. Later I learned that Tusitala had just read the letter of the Reverend M. C. Hyde of Honolulu, printed in the Sydney *Presbyterian*. That Mr. Hyde to whom Stevenson wrote:

> We sit and grow bulky in our charming mansions, and a plain, uncouth peasant steps into the battle, under the eyes of God, and succors the afflicted, and consoles the dying, and is himself afflicted in turn, and dies on the field of honor.

A much earlier memory recalls the second friend in this book, the genial King, His Majesty King Kalakaua of the Sandwhich Islands, as his kingdom was then called, where in our little cottage on Fort Street in Honolulu I see His Majesty's pipe-clayed shoes, his spotless, starched, white trousers, and his large brown hand with a giant gold ring on his finger, and I smell the scent of his Havana cigar. His face is indistinct, for a child sees only a world below the knee, but I am aware of a deep friendliness in a voice above me, as he holds me close to him and talks to my mother about heading a committee of ladies to welcome some Roman Catholic Sisters from America, who had answered his world-wide appeal and were coming to assist Father Damien by sacrificing the rest of their lives for the leper children in Molokai.

The third friend in this book is my godfather, Charles Warren Stoddard, the poet; bald, stout, bearded, with the voice of an angel. He loved poi, poetry, and champagne and was the friend of saints, beloved by all sinners, stray dogs, and children. I remember how great tears would form in his eyes and splash down into his beard whenever he told the story of his visit to Damien. He even had gruesome relics of Molokai which he showed me while I recoiled from them in horror. No one who has not lived in a land where leprosy is a menace can have any idea of the terror of infection. The ghoulish stories children heard from their nurses still freeze my blood, particularly those describing white children being torn from their parents and sent to that terrible pest island to literally rot to pieces.

Mr. Dutton has told his story with restraint, and because of the simplicity of the telling this book will shake you. Take, for example, Father Damien's discovery that he had contracted the fatal disease. He went cheerfully about his tasks that morning as usual until he rose in the pulpit, and instead of greeting his congregation with his accustomed "Brethren," he changed the form of his salutation to "We lepers." I have seen so many Father Damiens, little missioners on duty in remote parts of the Pacific. I often think of these lonely men, of the pathos and the secret splendor of their lives. I can see them ringing the bells in their little, whitewashed churches to keep some desolate island from being called God-forsaken. They would scorn my concern and laugh at me no doubt for wasting any sentiment on them, as they are for the most part the merriest of mortals, bubbling over with gaiety. To quote from Dutton's book:

> The lepers knew him (Damien) as a cheerful and light-hearted friend. He was always willing to leave off work for a time and join the children at play. On almost any day he could be seen surrounded by romping, laughing youngsters, playing tag with them and joining in their childish games. . . . When he joked with the officials, his laugh was the loudest.

The story of Ira Dutton takes up the latter half of the book. He was known as Brother Joseph, and came from America to Molokai that Father Damien might die in peace knowing that his children were in safe hands. For forty-four years this one-time Protestant, this veteran of our Civil War, stayed on this island and was true to his trust. One link with the outer world was his love for his country and one of the few things he owned was his membership in the Grand Army of the Republic. He allowed no one to touch the flag he had fought for, and he raised it himself at sunrise and lowered it reverently at every sunset.

Patriotism may not be the fashion at the moment, but I like to think of this humble man in his old age, after a lifelong fight against an enemy more terrible than war, standing erect under his beloved flag as he reviewed a mighty fleet of the American Navy. Here is how Mr. Dutton tells it:

> After the fleet had sailed from Hampton Roads the President was told that Brother Joseph very earnestly hoped that it might be sent past Molokai, close enough to the leper colony so that his people might see it. At once Roosevelt cabled to the ships to turn inland, on leaving Hawaii for Japan, and to sail past Molokai in battle formation.
>
> And so on a day of brilliant sunshine, the gallant ships of the United States Navy steamed slowly past the little promontory by the Home and dipped their flags to the watcher at the water's edge—a proud and happy exile on this day. Surrounded by his eager leper boys, he was already waiting when the first dim shadows rose above the horizon; and he stayed until the long, gray column had passed out of sight again. It is not hard for us to picture that erect old figure in its humble suit of blue denim, white hair and beard bright in the sunshine, tears in his eyes, as he stood at salute, his heart touched to pride and joy.

Austin Strong, dramatist and landscape artist, is the son of Lloyd Osbourne's sister. His early education was obtained in Vailima, Samoa, at a time when Stevenson was living there.

Mr. Meek on America

(*Continued from page* 661)

lets his fields go back to brush for want of a widening market. And a blatant nationalism in the art of letters will end in disaster. It is conceivable that this country when, and if, it has passed through the agony of lowered wages, a reduced standard of living, and a good-by to all cheap and easy luxury, may become a pleasanter place than now for artists and writers and scholars to live in. The profits system which has made of fiction a trailer behind the advertising auto and left poetry behind in the dust, has proved none too favorable to literary endeavor, although it has certainly made it possible for the strong writer to write occasionally as he pleases, without danger of starving. A country less concerned with immediates and more with ultimates, poorer (though not too poor), realist without being cynical, might provide for our grandchildren a place where a life might be made, and made as successfully as we have today (or yesterday) made money. But that time is too far ahead to interest this generation, and may never arrive. For economic nationalism will not keep within bounds. It comes from an illusion handed down over innumerable generations from the savage tribe which called itself *the* people, believed that its life was the best life, and thought that it could insure its prosperous superiority by shutting out the rest of the world. The illusion will spread to art, and before this present madness has run its course we shall have a spiritual tariff on ideas and imagination, and many an attempt to make American minds live by taking in each other's washing.

This will happen unless print forestalls its own casualties. For the correctives of this blind shouldering into industrial decline, agricultural decrease, and intellectual obscurantism are in a multitude of books which agree in principle no matter how much they may differ in methods and detail. Publishers are censurable for finding no better ways of distributing such books through a country which thinks of New York, and rightly, as a city willing to feather its own nest and choosing to sit upon eggs laid by cuckoos little concerned with the kind of life that must be lived in an American environment. Magazines are to be censured for their failure to broadcast what the few know instead of what the many think they want. Newspapers are to be censured for a failure in responsibility for straight thinking so grave as to make one wonder whether editors and newspaper proprietors will not be the next class to lose the public confidence. But most of all the American reading public deserves heavy blame for their patent unwillingness to use their brains on subjects harder than the problems of the day's job, if any. "When the hundreds of scholars," said Mr. Meek, "who are annually poured out from our colleges and universities, shall have swelled to thousands, all faithful to the high interests committed to their guardianship—" Well, they have swelled, but have high interests been committed to them? And if so, what are they doing about it?

April 15 of this year was the centennial of an artist-author whose work has had world-wide influence—Wilhelm Busch, the German cartoonist, born April 15, 1832 (died 1908). For many years on the staff of *Fliegende Blätter*, he is said to have invented the "comic strip." His famous humorous poem "Max and Moritz," a classic in Germany, is announced by Morrow for this autumn in a new edition illustrated by Jay Warmuth and with a revised translation by Christopher Morley.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

THE LIFE OF EMERSON. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. *Dutton.*

A study of an eminent American by a writer who did more perhaps than any other in this country to make the modern type of biography popular in the United States.

SPEAK EASILY. By CLARENCE BUDDINGTON KELLAND. *Harpers.*

A light and entertaining novel showing how guilessness can work miracles.

RIDDLES OF SCIENCE. By SIR J. ARTHUR THOMSON. *Horace Liveright.*

Brief chapters on many of the physical aspects of the universe.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The BOWLING GREEN

First Impressions

(From Our Special Correspondent)

GRAND HOTEL, ANTWERP, March 20.

HERE are a few more random notes—if I can stop listening to the bands on parade—and it's 1:30 A.M. The annual Dutch-Belgian football match came off today, and all Holland arrived in Antwerp to see it. Holland won 4-1, so instead of taking the next train North the burghers took possession of all the seats in all the cafés and proceeded to drink all the beer. I walked a mile peering in windows before I spied a seat. Nearly every café had its own or an imported band in costume—a real gala night.

This town has a past as you'll find if you look up your school history. About its future I'm not so hopeful as they've built a real American skyscraper, which, as far as I can see, serves only to rob the Cathedral of its lovely dominance of the skyline. The guide books lay particular stress on their modern buildings, which, as might be expected, are the ugliest structures in town. You'll be shocked when you next go to London, for instance, to see on Fleet Street an ultra-modern glass-metal-tile affair housing (I think) the *Daily Express*. It looks horribly out of place and ruins the whole block. There ought to be a law.

F. took me over in a game of chess, which was close for about the first two moves. After that his pieces got too close to mine, and the game ended suddenly. Sorry now I ever mentioned having played Lasker—I and thirty-four others.

My next masquerade costume is London Street Cleaner. Corduroy trousers, blue jumpers, swagger broad-brimmed black chapeau, and see who gets the women. And speaking of women, I've come to a few additional conclusions. (1) Their herding instinct is much stronger than man's; they seem always to be travelling in packs, noisy packs. (2) Their voices reach loudest pitch in hotel corridors. (3) They have no sense of orientation—or rather, a cock-eyed one. Try to get off elevators every time the door opens. At ground floor it's an even bet they all head—still in a pack, yelping and following the leader—for the blind end of the corridor instead of the street exit.

Walked into the Antwerp Cathedral yesterday morning, but a little guy in a uniform chased me out. I felt like one of the money-changers. Went back again at 2 p.m., regular visiting hour, and was nicely greeted by former opponent.

Took a train to Brussels (only 45 minutes) this morning as I wanted to see the Cathedral of SS Michel & Gudule (1200 A.D.). Rather annoyed that of all the prohibitory signs all the languages were present except English. They shouldn't ignore us like that!

Don't like to harp on the price of things, but if you stay sober a $10 bill, properly transformed, lasts a deliciously long time. The prix fixe of a good meal with vin blanc is 12.50 to 25 fr. (price depends apparently on location of café), and one Belgian franc equals three American cents. Room here, 30 fr. per day. No wonder the people look happy—and Americans look sad.

W. S. H.

S.S. GENERAL VON STEUBEN, March 31

("Leicht bewölkt, mässig bewegte See")

The *Bremen* quite took my breath away coming over, so I arranged my return on the dampfer *General von Steuben*. Day number eight at sea and no land or seaweed in sight yet, nor will be for several days to come. This is seeing the ocean proper. Even when wind and sea are acting nicely the old General isn't in a hurry—so you can imagine our speed one day this week when we ran into a head wind and heavy sea. ("Sehr grobe See, sehr hohe West-Dünung"). *Europa* passed us about two miles to starboard and was out of sight in no time. Didn't even give us a toot; maybe couldn't see us. Then we passed the *American Farmer* (or *Banker, Trader*, or *Merchant*), but he was going the other way. Really I don't know when we'll arrive, nor, apparently, do any of the crew—and nobody seems to care. I only hope the food holds out. And the beer. Made only 243 miles Monday. Not so good against 659 on the *Bremen* one day. And just to show we're in no hurry to reach N. Y., we're calling at Halifax on the way in. (We've already stopped at Boulogne and Southampton. Just a local.) But as between *Bremen* and *G. von Steuben* I'd take this old ship any time. Everything is real chummy—anything is allowed except slapping the captain on the back. I'm still faithful to the Tourist Cabin which rates exactly 38 passengers this trip. Have a cabin all to myself with 4 berths, 2 basins, 8 hooks and other conveniences divisable by 4.

The resourceful Norddeutscher Lloyd isn't letting the slack passenger lists get the better of it. Apparently each member of the crew does his regular duty first, then a few tricks on the side. I was, for instance, rather off-handed with my cabin-steward until I recognized him as the bass drummer in the band. The chap who tinkles the piano at the movies plays first violin in the concert orchestra *and* French horn in the band. "What else does he do?" I asked my dining-room steward, trying to be facetious. "Well he's a cabin-steward but his rooms are empty this trip." Lucky dog, just loafing his way across.

This ship you know has a past, and had to change her name. She was christened originally *München*, and made endless trips between Bremen and New York. You must remember her taking fire at her dock in the Hudson and quietly careening to the bottom. New fittings and a sprightly new name and here she is. Still making endless trips.

I'm the only *Anglo*-Saxon in the Tourist section—I know that from the singing. At dinner all the orchestra has to do is strike the first note of some old German song. Eating stops and every one joins in with characteristic Teuton gusto.

Nevertheless my table mate took me for a German! Asked me from what city (in Deutschland) I came. The explanation is simple. My vocabulary is pitifully meagre, but the German words I do know I'm damn skilful with. I wrote you from Antwerp; nothing exciting has happened since. I was sorry to leave as the Belgians seemed the friendliest of people. I've been chuckling over a tiny incident at the hotel which I'm afraid I can't give the flavor of. One of those things that had to be seen and a pity I had to see it alone. I had noticed an apprentice being shown various duties about the hotel and as I was having my roll and coffee in he came eager and alert, this time in the wake of a waiter. Lesson No. 1 was rolling a napkin into a cone. The boy watched the old-timer twirl a dozen of them. Then he was left alone (except for me) and a pile to practice with. After wrecking six or seven he finally got one to stand up though what made it stand I can't imagine. Then he backed away from it to get the proper perspective. That's when the roll fell out of my mouth.

I'm wondering if I told you about the Plantin Museum in Antwerp. I hope you've been there—rather I hope you haven't for you have something to take you to Antwerp. As a one-time associate printer I felt it my duty to make the pilgrimage. I thought I'd give it a hasty once-over and then walk to the Art Gallery nearby. Never left Plantin until they closed at dark. Which reminds me I'd better report what I've been reading or you'll think I'm not efficient. I came on board well stocked. Because it looked the most formidable I tackled first Cronin's *Three Loves*. I was prepared not to like it as much as *Hatter's Castle*—I thought it followed too closely on the heels of the other book for one, and I couldn't imagine another *Hatter's Castle* for another. But it's a great story with two or three unforgetable characters. Lucy Moore can take a seat right alongside of James Brodie; personally I'd rather live with the latter if I had to make a choice. Can't say I read the book complete as a whole signature is missing in Part III of my copy and there's nothing now I can do about it. Next I read *Babbitt;* rather late in the day to comment on that, and if I did it really wouldn't matter, matter, matter. Then I swallowed a slight eulogy on *Mussolini* by Sir Charles Petrie, Bt., M. A., F. R. Hist. S. And then I found a nice leather corner in the smoking room and opened *Lamb Before Elia*. There's a book! I've read more by Lamb than about him, but I want no better picture of him than this gives.

Finished *All Our Yesterdays* before breakfast this morning. I found the opening chapters heavy going and jumped to part IV (1914). That was thrilling (has anyone else done as good a picture of the war?) and I hopped back to the beginning and sailed steadily through. Now I'll have to start on the ship's library which has a fair run of current fiction with Edgar Wallace leading by three titles.

P. S. *Prohibition*—how silly it seems from a distance. Especially when I noticed the great fuss the English were making about their beer tax, the French over a new amusement tax, and the Germans about a fresh impost on beer. And more especially when I saw that the various authorities recognized the justice of the growls, and are *doing* something about it.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM DEPT.

Supplementing my report on the Costumes of the European Police it gives me great pleasure to comment enthusiastically about the Bremen Polizei. They're trim, sleek, and snappy. There isn't a tummy in the lot, which surprised me. They approach each other with military salute, "heels together, eyes front, chin up, etc." I inquired as to the difference in uniform—noting that some wore a long black coat with green collar and black helmet, others an equally long Hooker's Green affair. The latter are soldiers; they do one hour police service a day.

My book on Holland will be out soon. Had a ham sandwich at Roosendaal waiting for Berlin sleeper express.

Price quotation Dept.: Luckies, Camels and Chesterfields are 15 cents on board. N. Y. hotels and speakeasies of the "better sort" take notice.

Analytic Dept. Feminine Division Part IV: Women are always eating, or talking about eating, or on board ship talking about not eating. But talking.

Reparations Bureau

I've been unfair to Lady *von Steuben*. Yesterday she made 400 miles in quite leisurely fashion, with smoke issuing from forward stack only, and with no sparks or other excitement.

Sunday, April 3

Left Halifax last night after a two-hour stop, during most of which time we were entertained by a small ragamuffin on the dock alongside. He gave a sidesplitting (for us) exhibition of soft-shoe dancing, garnished with movements distinctly Oriental. His response to each shower of pfennigs was—"I want American money."

Our currency retains its popularity at any rate.

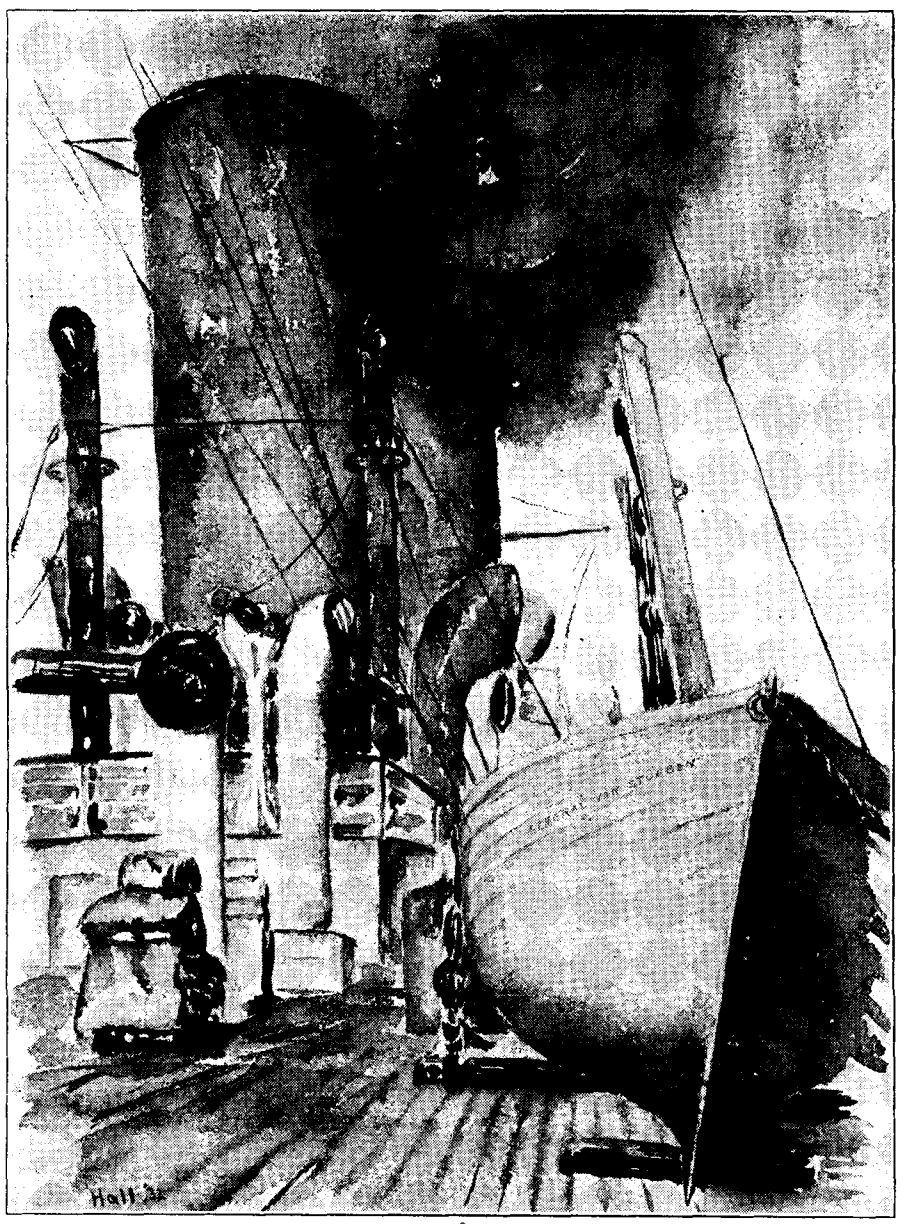
Last leg of trip, and the two determined females who started fiercely pacing the deck with the first note of the band as we left Bremerhaven, are still going strong. I wish I had a cross-bow—I'd shoot them both as they rounded the Ruderhaus, headed port. Let them hang 'em about my neck—I'd love it. As it is, neither wind nor sea, nor fog nor dark of night keeps these grim peddlers from the completion of their appointed rounds.

FINIS. W. S. H.

Our correspondent on his return was closely interrogated by his conscientious Editor. W. S. H. remarked modestly that he feared he had No Message for America. We demur. We think his series of charmingly candid notes carry several twinges between the lines.

Next week: more Richard Roe.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



Boat Deck, GENERAL VON STEUBEN. From a water-color by W. S. HALL.

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When the Publisher Visits the Bookseller

By HORACE W. STOKES

Mr. Stokes, Treasurer of Frederick A. Stokes Company, presents here the results of a trip to thirty-five book stores in six cities.

THE reader who enters a bookstore, sees the books on display merely as scenery. He may have his mind made up on what he wants before he goes in, or he may expect suggestions from the bookseller, but in either case, the hundreds of books that surround him are just a highly colored background for the particular piece of entertainment he hopes to carry away. The bookseller knows that if he hasn't the book requested, or suggests the wrong one, he has done more than mis-sell, or let his wares run out of stock: he has helped to bore his customer and will be avoided, as much as possible, in the future.

Realizing that in this day of widely varied entertainment competing with book reading, the fewer booksellers shunned the better will be the results for all who love books, *The Saturday Review* fell in with the suggestion of Frederick A. Stokes Company, to visit the booktrade in six of the largest book centres in the United States. The purpose of this visit was to see if the publisher could find a way, through better coöperation with the bookseller, to make it easier for the reader to secure the books he really wants. The visit was planned to include New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh. It was to be made by someone directly in charge of publisher's book promotion, and booksellers were to be asked how such promotion could be improved. Since many vital problems affecting bookselling, such as book clubs, dollar books, discounts, remainders, and drug and cigar store merchandising, are not only subject to wide disagreement, but have been thoroughly studied in the Cheney Report, it was decided to confine the article in general to what any individual publishing house can do to help the situation in the booktrade, without consulting other publishers and without harm to his own business.

Thirty-five bookstores were visited. It was found that practically all the booksellers had very definite ideas as to how the publisher could help them sell more of the right kind of books. By the "right" kind they did not necessarily mean the most scholarly kind, or the best examples of period literature; but rather those books that the reader would enjoy, books that would make him come back for more instead of turning to the magazines, the talkies, or the radio.

Since criticism was invited and the results were frankly critical, it is only fair to say that many booksellers feel that publishers do a great deal to help the sale of their books. Many booksellers think that books are as well merchandised and as thoroughly advertised as any other kind of commodity in the country. But it is felt that certain publishers' methods are open to improvement, while others are misleading and difficult. Advertising, for example, and jacket notes, are considered by the booksellers as far too standardized and professionally enthusiastic, and they object to three "best sellers" on the same newspaper page. Many of them resent overstatement and overselling by publishers' salesmen. Most of them think money is thrown away in "barn door" circulars and wordy broadsides. And many complain against the tremendous number of books that flood the country.

The bookseller's problem is truly a difficult one. Realizing that the reader who comes seeking entertainment will turn a cold shoulder if he does not get the book he wants, he tries to keep as many titles in stock as possible, and to know as much about them as he can. But three or four new books may leap at him from the press while he is making this decision, and before he shuts up shop for the night twenty or thirty more may have appeared. Twenty-five new books a day is by no means a record, especially in the two peak seasons, spring and fall. How can he buy twenty-five new titles a day and still display those he has in his store?

The booksellers do not know what can be done about this. They say that unless the publisher can keep down his list the book business will soon be in a far worse state than it is at the present time. But they have been saying the same thing for many years. The publisher, on the other hand, does not intentionally publish too many books and thinks in his turn that booksellers in general have a tendency to slight any title for which there is not a popular hue and cry. He asserts that if he followed the booksellers' ideas about cutting his list, many unknown and promising authors would suffer and so would cultural and true entertainment. It is an axiom throughout the publishing business that many booksellers will overlook any new author unless they are forced to consider him, and sometimes there are many reasons for bringing out a book over and above its salability.

These are the two sides of a highly controversial question. Up to this writing, the number of books this year is smaller than for the same period in 1931.

Booksellers are digesting a plan to have books graded by a committee from the American Booksellers' Association, with coded cards to be sent to members, giving advice on buying various books, and, in some cases, blacklisting them altogether.

They realize, of course, and say frankly, that grading of this kind may not always be effective, particularly in stores that have different types of customers. But they feel that it is at least a gesture that they can make which points in the right direction. They also feel that publishers themselves should do part of the grading for them and they note with joy that one or two publishers are beginning to chart their books to give more accurate and pointed information.

"All of them ought to do it," one bookseller declared. "You can see or taste textiles or food, but you can't taste a book that is offered as the most outstanding thing of its kind in the entire season, until you have read it. The brief, charted descriptions help us enormously."

Booksellers complain also of the wordiness with which the publishers describe their lists. Practically all form letters, circulars, and news notes sent from publisher to bookseller have a direct chute straight into the waste basket.

"Oh yes, I open them now," said one, a woman. "Once I threw away some theatre tickets a publisher sent me."

"In every morning's mail I get from five to twenty publishers' form letters and circulars," said a Pittsburgh dealer. "The amount of waste is astonishing. Some of the letters are extremely long and sometimes there are two or three closely typed and mimeographed sheets, clipped together and filled with matter irrelevant to the sale of books."

The stores themselves are doing their own grading in some cases, and relying on their own book comment to supplement the publishers'. A Boston store that has made a pronounced success in recent years sends books out to readers for opinions just as the publisher sometimes sends out manuscripts. It has two types of readers' reports, one for adult reading and one for juveniles. The adult type brings in the following information:

Author
Publisher
Read by
Is it suited to readers under sixteen?
Is it of local interest?
Of what country and period?
Does it deal with some problem of the day?
Would it be interesting to the uncultivated reader?
Would it be actionable?
Would the public libraries use it?
Its merits and defects. Briefly and positively.

Other booksellers are considering the employment of someone to visit the publishers' offices and do advance reading. Still another, in Cleveland this time, holds meetings every day to discuss new books. Here all the girls in the book department are college graduates and each of them is required to review a certain number of books every week.

Any new novelist whose work is good can be materially helped, in this store at least, by sending an advance copy of his book with a note to the department head.

Turning from the number of books, on which there is such wide disagreement, we find the booktrade demanding two things in publisher's advertising:

1. Reliable and brief advance comment through careful salesmanship, careful trade paper advertising, and whatever possible, advance copies of books.

2. Consumer advertising that is better calculated to make the reader believe the publisher.

And yet not all consumer advertising, according to a few, is too "blurby." Where the publisher has a really good book, he should be as enthusiastic as he can.

But practically all the dealers felt that over-statement should be halted, that advertisements should be more simple and direct, and, in the case of new writers at least, greater indication of the story or theme of the book should be given.

It is better, far better, according to most booksellers, to use the small repeated ad, after the preliminary announcement is made, then larger space more infrequently. "The tap-tap-tap turns the trick," said one. "And the publisher should not be discouraged if he can't see results right away. More attention should be given in newspaper advertising to the man on the street, who is not bookish. The bookish people are well taken care of through the magazines and review sections, but *when you make a customer of the man who does not read habitually, you do the whole book trade a service.*"

"First make your announcement," said another. "Then follow up with quotations from the best reviews. Any other type of advertisement is wasted money."

Recent conferences among booksellers have resulted in arrangements to be made in about two hundred stores for a testing laboratory for publisher's promotion, to try to determine the psychological effect on the public of publishers' advertising.

Certain test books will be selected and every time a customer asks for one of them, the customer will be asked in turn what made him want to read it, if any advertisement prompted him, and where the ad itself appeared. These tests will be continued until sufficient data has been gathered to prove the results.

In trade advertising of every kind the clerk on the floor, the man or woman who actually sells the books, is the person for the publisher to cultivate, booksellers say. Any information which comes in such form that it can be passed on to the clerk is very helpful. This should not only be given in advance, but also when the book is published: printed cards with fifty word descriptions, small leaflets that can be tacked to the bulletin board. For there is frequently a leakage, one dealer said, between the time a dealer gets word of a book and the time it is published. In the meanwhile he and his helpers may have forgotten why he bought it.

Help the sales people to know what they are selling. There should be more advance copies if possible, dealers feel, especially of the more interesting books as well as of these that promise the larger sales. These copies do not have to be completed volumes. Sewed sheets or paper-bound books will do—especially where the publisher sends along an advance proof of the jacket for the bookseller to see.

A Boston store runs its own library for its sales people and puts all advance copies straight into it. And the library card-record tells its own tales. The sales people are required to read the books where the store proposes quantity buying.

Jacket designs, posters, even window display can be included under the term of general advertising. According to a leading New York bookseller, the jacket is only second to the title in sales value. And it has more effect in selling the works of the younger authors than of those who have arrived. Anything that can lead the reader straight to the book is vital to the new writer, this dealer declared.

"Jackets should be vitalized and active and show illustrative human interest," he said. "Symbolic jackets are not so uniformly good. Some of us feel that the design should go all the way around the jacket and that more attention should be given to the backbone. Before planning his jacket the publisher should always decide if the book will be sold mainly through the bookstore or rented through the circulating library. It makes a big difference."

Most mystery stories should have glazed jackets, one dealer thinks. Another one believes that detective stories with jackets that look too feminine cannot be sold successfully.

The type-page speaks for the book as much or more than anything else, dealers say. It is vital to have readable, open pages and they should be even more open for the circulating library reader than for the customer who buys through the regular sales department.

"You'd be amazed at the number of people who turn away when the page looks heavy," one dealer stated.

The posters that so many publishers get out are not only costly but of little value as sales help, booksellers feel. If they are unusually distinctive they are sometimes good for window display especially in connection with the photograph of the author. In most cases they ought to be small.

The type of the book that is placed in the window makes a great deal of difference. On Fifth Avenue books of general interest pull better than fiction according to one well known bookseller. Massed window display is not successful for stores with lending libraries, another one finds—because, if the book is out of the library, the customer demands one from the window!

There is varied feeling about best-seller lists and the effect of radio book-reviews. If the publishers could coöperate to the extent of clubbing together for a really fine radio hour on a national hook-up, one bookseller stated, this would have tremendous value in selling books everywhere. But to do this as it ought to be done, most of the time on the air should be devoted to the entertainment, which should be the best that could possibly be provided. He foresaw difficulties—of expense and coöperation.

"Just the same it would be immense," he said. "It would be one of the finest things the publishers could do."

And so it went on. Ideas were plentiful. How practical some of them are can be determined only by experience.

A summary of those suggested is as follows:

1. Publishers should cut their lists so far as possible.

2. Publishers' salesmen should be cautioned against overselling and overstatement. They should know more about the books they are trying to sell.

3. Advertising should be less professionally enthusiastic and reader confidence should be won back.

4. More information should be supplied to the reader about the books themselves.

5. Small repeated ads should be used instead of the big "smash" that is not adequately followed up.

6. More advance copies should be supplied by the publisher.

7. Books should be announced to the trade well in advance and brief, succinct information supplied concerning them. Further information should be given on publication date.

8. The "man on the floor" should be cultivated and better posted by the publisher about the books he is to sell.

9. There should be fewer dealer circulars, form letters, and decorative posters. Put this money into general advertising.

10. Don't spend so much on the advance campaign that not enough is left to push the book when it appears.

11. "Key" the jacket more closely to the type of customer the book is supposed to reach. Have it more illustrative and pay more attention to the backbone and back.

12. Above almost everything else see that the type page is open, legible, and pleasing in appearance.

Not all the booksellers are pessimistic

(*Continued on next page*)

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BOOKS OF THE SPRING

By AMY LOVEMAN

POOR, sick world. It has no part so remote but has its ills to study. The publishers' lists again attest by books whose very titles are an earnest of disorder to the sorry plight the nations are plunged into. "Is Germany Finished?" asks Pierre Vienot's new volume which Macmillan has recently issued, and "The German Crisis" (Farrar and Rinehart) H. R. Knickerbocker entitles his analysis of a state which even as we write is registering the opinion of its voters on its present government. In "Manchuria, Cradle of Conflict" (Macmillan), Owen Lattimore traces the course of events which have led to the acutely dangerous situation which now confronts the Orient, presenting description, history, and interpretation in illuminating combination, while in "China Speaks," by Chih Meng (Macmillan), and "Japan Speaks" (Macmillan), by K. K. Kawakami, the two nations involved in the Manchurian dispute are given a chance to present their points of view. Those readers whose concern over Pacific affairs carries them further than a particular entanglement will find matter for their attention not only in these books but as well in such a volume as Foster Rhea Dulles's "America in the Pacific" (Houghton Mifflin) and in G. B. Sansome's "Japan: A Cultural History" (Century). And, for the matter of that, since the Soviet State is vitally interested in whatever may develop from the Sino-Japanese controversy, the same reader, as well as any other who is awake to the great historical events of the time, will find food for many interested hours in Leon Trotsky's "The History of the Russian Revolution" (Simon & Schuster).

Alas, "man never is, but always to be, blest." That revival of trade which in 1929 seemed to lie just around the corner of the New Year, and which ever since has flitted like a will-o'-the-wisp before the business community, still lurks somewhere in the future. As it delays, interest in the means to its insurance grows constantly more eager, and although official counsels have lost their potency, still discussions of the road to renewed health command attention. Of the many volumes dealing with international economic conditions recently to have come from the press none surpasses in interest the just issued "Recovery" (Century) of Sir Arthur Salter, a work in which the former British economic expert of the League of Nations analyzes with remarkable lucidity the various factors responsible for the present predicament of the world. Sir Arthur is able to reduce even so difficult a matter as the flow of gold between nations to a form simple enough to have meaning for the lay reader, and to present his general discussion in so absorbing a fashion that, added attraction though they are, his book hardly needs for its enhancement the character sketches by which he has enlivened it. It has had high praise from Walter Lippman, whose own "The United States in World Affairs" (Harpers), written in collaboration with W. O. Scroggs, is one of the volumes which students of international matters would do well to read. And while we're still on the subject of international politics we might as well call attention to Bernard Shaw's "What I Really Wrote about the War" (Brentanos), which concerns itself with politics that are now history, and which is a singularly entertaining book despite the seriousness of its content, and is so, of course, because of the highly personal quality of Mr. Shaw's incidental comment. Needless to say, Mr. Bernard Shaw highly approves of Mr. Bernard Shaw as a prophet, and is at no small pains to say to the powers that be or were, "I told you so." Never was a more plausible advocate of himself than G. B. S. Almost he persuades the reader that all that he wrote in 1914 and the later war years was the whole truth about the conflict. At any rate, he is convinced that he was on the side of the angels.

Speaking of angels reminds us, by one of those purely unnecessary connections which derive from a familiar quotation, that among the new biographies of the Spring are two on Huxley, one by Clarence Ayres (Norton) and the other by Houston Peterson (Longmans, Green), both interesting, and both well adapted to the purposes of the non-professional reader. And having been reminded by the angels of Huxley and the controversy in which he played so valiant a part over evolution, we are promptly put in mind by that doctrine of what we think one of the most interesting books of the season, Homer W. Smith's "Kamongo" (Viking). We are reminded of "Kamongo" by evolution because, despite the fact that the book starts off in the manner of a Conrad novel (and a good Conrad novel), it springs a surprise by developing into a discussion of science and philosophy, its discussion being focussed about a remarkable creature, the lung fish, and its place in the general development of life.

There's no use apparently in our plotting out carefully an order of books to follow in our summary, for no sooner do we get launched on one set of volumes than a title we had relegated to another pops into our mind. Just because we mentioned the word science Sir Oliver Lodge's autobiography, "Past Years" (Scribners), "chisled" into our thoughts, and now, for no reason at all, we remember that we ought to have mentioned before when we were talking of Bernard Shaw, Archibald Henderson's "Bernard Shaw: Playboy and Prophet" (Appleton).

Well, we seem to have returned to biography, and though we had no intention of giving it priority of fiction, we suppose we might as well continue on its trail. As a matter of fact, biography constitutes one of the most satisfactory divisions of the spring publications, with such works to its credit as Matthew Josephson's "Jean Jacques Rousseau" (Harcourt, Brace), Emery Neff's "Carlyle" (Norton), Marcia Davenport's "Mozart" (Scribner's), the chronicle of a life so dramatic as to make as vivid reading as a novel, Gordon Craig's study of his mother in "Ellen Terry and Her Secret Self" (Dutton), and Richard Lockridge's "The Darling of Misfortune" (Century). The latter volume recounts the story of a life lived always before the public and yet in its incidents little known to the present generation, that of Edmund Booth, whose career was continually saddened by personal unhappiness despite all its triumphs in art.

If we go on enlarging on our books in this fashion we'll get nowhere at all with our list in the restricted space at our command, so, in order to expedite matters, we'll merely enumerate titles for a paragraph or two. As a matter of fact such books as Van Wyck Brooks's "The Life of Emerson" (Dutton), Ford Madox Ford's "Return to Yesterday" (Liveright), E. F. Benson's "Charlotte Bronte" (Longmans, Green), "The Letters of Jane Welch Carlyle to Joseph Neuberg" (Oxford University Press), and Gertrude Atherton's "Adventures of a Novelist" (Liveright) need no word of comment; their titles are sufficiently self-revealing.

Elderly readers who can look back over the past half century at least, will read with that sense of satisfaction which comes from the remembrance of things past, Frances M. Walcott's "Heritage of Years" (Minton, Balch), the recollections of a life laid in pleasant places and in contact with the influential of many lands, and "I Would Live It Again" (Harpers), in which Julia B. Foraker, wife of the late Senator, recounts first the experiences of her young life, lived in the Middle West under conditions of almost pioneer-like simplicity, and then the events of her later years when her husband was playing a part in public life. The many who delighted in the sprightly "Men and Memories" (Coward-McCann) of Sir William Rothenstein will rejoice to learn that the second volume of his reminiscences is about to issue from the press, and the same group, or certainly those in it specifically interested in the arts, will fall with avidity upon the autobiography of Frank Lloyd Wright (Longmans, Green). Mr. Wright, considered by the cognoscenti one of the few men of America to whom the title of genius can be attached, has had a life so full of striking incident as to invest the chronicle of it with almost melodramatic interest. His book is many-faceted, presenting in its earlier chapters descriptions of a life (like Mrs. Foraker's) lived under the simple conditions of a newly developed state, advancing to a recital of a Dick Whittington like success in the architectural circles of Chicago, and proceeding through a tempestuous personal history to a thrilling account of architectural triumphs in Japan, and finally ending with discussion of architectural principles and prospects.

Again we linger, and already we see descending upon us the doom of continuing our list in next week's number. Fiction, which we had hoped to tackle ere now, is slowly fading out of our reach. Biography still has numerous titles to present, among them Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's "Foch: The Man of Orleans" (Little, Brown), Clarence Darrow's "The Story of My Life" (Scribners), General Rafael de Nogales's "Memoirs of a Soldier of Fortune" (Harrison Smith), "Once a Grand Duke" (Farrar & Rinehart), by the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, "Stalin: The Career of a Fanatic" (Viking), by Essad Bey, and the third volume of "Memories of Prince von Bülow" (Little, Brown), covering the years 1909 to 1919. Those for whom American annals hold fascination will find a curious chapter of history unfolded in David Karsner's "Silver Dollar" (Covici-Friede), the chronicle of HAW Tabor, silver king of Colorado, who dressed with incredible magnificence, filled his home with extravagant possessions, slapped a President on the back, and ended by borrowing quarters from his former friends in his indigent old age. Others will turn with interest to Arthur Chapman's "Pony Express" (Putnam), Wayman Hogue's "Back Yonder" (Minton, Balch), a study of the Ozark country and folk, and John G. Neihardt's rendition of an Indian's reminiscences in "Black Elk Speaks" (Morrow).

No Sinclair Lewis could more scathingly reveal Middle Western lapses than has Irina Skariatina in the course of her "A World Begins" (Harrison Smith), wherein she recounts her experiences in the employ of a wealthy Middle Western woman of incredible personality who treated the former Russian countess with all indignity except on the rare occasions when her title would appear to have proved a valuable social asset. Against such unlovely aspects of American character it is a relief to set up the career of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of whom Silas Bent has furnished a new life (Vanguard), and those fast-dimming but still lustrous figures of "The Samaritans of Molokai" (Dodd, Mead), Father Damien and Brother Dutton, of whom Charles J. Dutton writes. A sore aspect of American life finds chronicle in Warden Lawes's "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" (Long & Smith), a book which is shortly to appear. Naturally the appalling length of years designated in the title means the sum of the prison terms which fell under the Warden's charge; it is a moving account which he writes. The bitter is mixed with the sweet in Louis Adamic's "Laughing in the Jungle" (Harpers), the narrative of an emigrant's experiences in the United States. Again the cryptic title needs the explanation that the author regards the American scene as a jungle through the tangle and gigantic and grotesque difficulties of which he has made his way, preserving despite all bitter experiences faith in the country of his adoption.

One of the briefest, as it is one of the most delightful, of this season's grist of biographical works is Clarence Day's "God and My Father" (Knopf), hardly more than a fragment from a life history, but one altogether delectable in its wit, its humor, and its gracefully phrased satire. It is a book to read in an hour but to preserve permanently. Another volume, this time not American and not of the present day, which has much quiet charm, is "The Memoirs of Gluckel of Hamelin" (Harpers), the diary of a Jewish woman of seventeenth century Hamburg, which, in its unpretentious narrative of daily incident and routine, conveys the flavor and even some of the urgency of a bygone time. Here, since we have dropped from the present to the past, we might as well insert the information that there has just appeared an entertaining life, by Bellamy Partridge, of Sir Billy Howe (Longmans, Green), Commander-in-Chief of the British forces during the Revolution, who had so tender a heart for the ladies as at times almost to forget war for love, and an illuminating study of Queen Victoria's consort, Albert the Good (Appleton), by Hector Bolitho.

And now we have finished the tale of biography except that we have not yet noted the vivid and pictorial "Way of the Lancer" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Richard Boleslavski, wherein is set forth the adventurous career of a member of the famous Polish Lancers in Russia, nor have we mentioned T. Y. Ybarra's "Hindenburg" (Duffield), or Jonathan Norton Leonard's "The Tragedy of Henry Ford" (Putnam).

Horrors! We have reached the end of our space and must stop abruptly until next week.

The Publisher Visits

(*Continued from preceding page*)

over the long time future. Some feel that in the past conditions have been almost equally as dangerous as the present ones.

"Too many people think the book business is doomed," declared one very able Chicago bookseller. "One of the few things that I think is assured for the long time future is a plentiful supply of good books. A hundred years from now a railroad train may be a curiosity,—but books, and the man who sells them, will still be here."

Such are the opinions of the booksellers as the writer senses them, not in all ways unanimous, of course, but giving the impression he carried away.

With three exceptions, who requested that their names be not used, those who were interviewed for this article are:

Boston:

Mr. John C. Campbell (Personal Bookshop)
Mr. William Combie (New England News Company)
Mr. J. M. DeWolfe (DeWolfe Fiske and Company)
Mr. Arthur Dragon (Old Corner Bookstore)
Mr. Richard Fuller (Old Corner Bookstore)
Miss Adah F. Hall (Personal Bookshop)
Mr. J. W. Jennings (Old Corner Bookstore)
Miss Bertha Mahony (Bookshop for Boys and Girls)
Mr. E. A. Pitman (Jordan, Marsh & Co.)
Mr. I. Webber (Charles E. Lauriat Co.)

Chicago:

Mr. A. C. Brewer (Western Book and Stationery Company)
Mr. W. J. Flynn (Walden Bookshop)
Mr. W. Goodpasture (Brentano's)
Miss W. Harper (Doubleday-Doran Bookshop. Mandel Bros.)
Mr. C. G. Kendall (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
Mr. A. Kroch (Kroch's Bookstore)
Mr. Ralph Henry (Carson Pirie Scott and Co.)
Mr. Will Solle (Kroch's Bookstore)

Cleveland:

Miss Mildred Clino (Shaker Bookshop)
Miss Veronica S. Hutchinson (Halle Brothers)
Mr. Charles K. Jackson (Burrows Brothers and Company)
Mr. H. V. Korner (Korner & Wood)
Mr. Richard Laukuff (Laukuff's Bookstore)

New York City:

Miss Harriet Anderson (Channel Bookstore)
Mr. Chas. A. Burkhardt (Dutton's Bookstore)
Miss Ellen Ennis (Lord and Taylor's Book Dept.)
Mrs. L. Gurney (Gimbel's Book Dept.)
Mr. Frank Magel (Putnam's Bookstore)
Mr. M. G. Michaels (Brentano's)
Mr. Carl Placht (Beacon Bookshop)

Philadelphia:

Mr. Walter Cox (John Wanamaker)
Mr. Benjamin Freud (Gimbel's)
Mr. Chas. Sessler (Charles Sessler Bookstore)
Mr. Edward Schlamm (Snellenberg & Co.)
Mrs. M. A. Zahn (Charles Sessler Bookstore)

Pittsburgh:

Miss Hazel Clifton (Priscilla Guthrie's Bookshop)
Mr. J. J. Estabrook (Joseph Horne Co.)
Mr. William McGhee (Kaufmann's)

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN the first place I wish to make a slight correction in regard to my recent review of Dennis Murphy's *Boy with a Silver Plow.* I acknowledge a letter Mr. Murphy was kind enough to write me concerning the review, but *Kaleidoscope: A National Magazine of Poetry,* 702 North Vernon Street, Dallas, Texas, informs me that my remarks about the nature of the contest in which Mr. Murphy won a prize were inaccurate. As a matter of fact, it seems, the contest was not conducted by the Wednesday Club of Saint Louis, was not restricted to the state of Missouri, nor was Mr. Neihardt the judge. The contest was conducted by *Kaleidoscope,* was nation-wide, and was judged by the editors of *Kaleidoscope.*

PADRAIC COLUMN'S POETRY

Poems, by Padraic Colum, brings together his verse from "Dramatic Legends," "Wild Earth," "Creatures," and "Old Pastures." He has also added several new poems. Colum is one of the best Irish poets of his time. The only three names that may be mentioned with his are those of William Butler Yeats, James Stephens, and "A. E." Naturally Yeats stands head and shoulders above all living poets, English, Irish, or American, in the bulk and calibre of his accomplishment. Stephens may possibly be ranked next for his inimitable originality. I myself should put Colum a close third, and I am not at all sure that it would be third at that. For all the lovely poetry that "A. E." has written, Colum's has a trenchancy and firm grain that I do not find in the rather cloudy idealism and symbolism of "A.E." This *Poems* of Colum's is a satisfying book. I can remember when I first came across Colum's own adaptation of an old Irish poem that I think Douglas Hyde also put into another version. The burden of it is "Shall I go bound and you go free." The last two of the three verses Colum has written moved me like the sound of a trumpet, to paraphrase Sir Philip Sidney:

And must I run where you will ride,
And must I stay where you abide?
Not so; the feather that I wear
Is from an eyrie in the air!

And must I climb a broken stair,
And must I pace a chamber bare?
Not so; the Brenny plains are wide
And there are banners where I ride!

This was early work, in the volume *Wild Earth* in which he makes the acknowledgment that "A. E." fostered him, in which are such famous poems of Colum's as "The Plougher," "A Drover," "An Old Woman of the Roads," and "A Cradle Song." No one has interpreted, in verse, the plain folk of Ireland so beautifully as Colum. But he was to range far beyond his beloved green isle. Both back in time —as in the splendid poem "Minoan"— and through wanderings all over America and as far as Hawaii. Let me first quote just the opening verse of "Minoan," to give an idea of Colum's ringing line:

O what a hound he has! A hound so high
Might follow Talos, him, the Bronzen Man,
And fill the Labyrinth with just a cry!
As bronze-topped spear his height, and there, besides,
A horse that bends a neck that's like a bride's!

As for his travelled muse, take this exquisite tribute to the

HUMMING-BIRD

Up from the navel of the world,
Where Cuzco has her founts of fire.
The passer of the Gulf he comes.

He lives in air, a bird of fire.
Cheated by flowers still he comes
Through spaces that are half the world.

With glows of suns and seas he comes;
A life within our shadowed world
That's bloom, and gem, and kiss of fire!

In nine lines, with a varying of only three end-words, what marvelous glamor he creates! His book *Creatures,* indeed, describing as it does various animals and birds, is to me one of the most delightful contributions he has made to contemporary letters. And no experience I have ever had in connection with the reading of poetry has been more thoroughly satisfying to me than hearing on a number of occasions Colum read his own verse in the inimitable brogue he has —thank God!—never lost despite his long sojourn in America. It is a strange reading, for the quality of his voice carries one back to the bardic days, to things more ancient and more important than modern civilization, to eternal beauty that broods in the highest, windiest boughs of the Tree of the World.

THE CHARACTER OF COLUM

I know of no better human being than Padraic Colum, and when one calls a person "good" in this day and generation one is thought to mean sanctimoniousness or some such thing—which is not at all what *I* mean. This man, in his intelligent seriousness, his superb drollery, his wealth of learning, his native wisdom, his chivalry of spirit, and his enchanting simplicity, is beyond argument one of the great people of our time. He is of no classification that I have ever known. Even an occasional over-emphasis in his expounding of doctrine does not jar upon me, an occasional absorption in the letter rather than the Word. For if, in regard to religion, dogmatism is deep in his blood, he possesses in its perfect essence the intelligence of the poet which surveys the world on pinions that tower high above dogma. His is a moving sympathy with the creation, a search always for fundamental things. Those who frantically seek happiness in all the non-essentials of modern life, so curious about the impermanent that they can never truly enjoy either life or love,—or find either in its enduring virtue, in the Roman sense,— are apart from this man. His charity and his counsel I have found great things. Drama and romance and legend are rich in his imagination, and he can tell a merry story in an inimitable way. These qualities must all be apparent in this collected volume of his to anyone who sees clearly with the eye of the mind. Likewise the courage that is able so to love the world.

Lincoln Steffens wrote us a letter—

"I have been reading Dos Passos. I think that every young writer should read '1919' and read it, too, with his eye sticking to the fact that this writer is one of the three or four young men in literature who are breaking away from the old schools and seeking, and in this case, *finding,* a new way to get nearer to the art of showing things as they are—beautifully."

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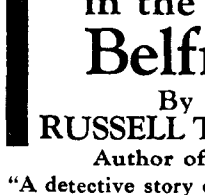

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE reminiscences of the veterans of The Trade are sometimes unexpected, and not always literary. For instance John M. Miller, dean of booksellers in Atlanta (his store celebrated its 50th anniversary last January), remembers with special pride the fact that as a barefoot newsboy he hooked a ride on Atlanta's first horse-car.

Or take the case of our old friend Isaac Mendoza of Ann Street, New York City. His earliest recollections of the second-hand book business on Ann Street (where he has been for 38 years) revolve about an injudicious sub-letting. In a moment of generous impulse (and generosity is characteristic of him still) he rented part of his cellar and one of his front windows to a fellow who needed help. His tenant used the space for cooking hot dogs and sourkraut. In those days as you browsed over the book-counters in front of Mendoza's you could munch a hot dog as you looked at the books. It wasn't only the mustard that people dripped on the volumes that caused Mr. Mendoza to think he had made a mistake. The fume of frizzling frankfurters got so strong that it overpowered the good old aroma of calf bindings and rag paper that is one of the joys of a second-hand shop. When even the cop on the beat remarked on the overtones of Mr. Mendoza's tenant's cooking, the goodnatured bookseller decided to make a change.

Isaac Mendoza and his sons, known to all downtown booklovers, preserve with justified care the old account book in which Mr. Mendoza recorded his first figures. The store opened on October 18, 1894, and that day Ike was too busy getting his stock in order to make many entries. But he sold $1.60 worth on the outdoor stand that day. The next day was his first real business, and the first entry was "2 vols. Russell, $1.25." I was hoping maybe that was Clark Russell's sea stories, but Ike says it was Whiffen's "House of Russell." And beside that, on that first day, he sold a schoolbook (80c), a Novel (50c), a History of the U. S. (40c) and an Arithmetic (30c). The outdoor stand sold $5.50; total for the day, $8.75.

The second day (Saturday) the high points were Vaughan's Mystics ($1.75) and Macaulay's History of England ($1.00) and a set of Dickens ($4.00). The stand didn't do so well (perhaps it was raining on Saturday, Oct. 20, 1894) but the day's total was $12.60. The first month's business was $444. Isaac Mendoza concluded that with prudence there was a living to be made in the book business. He has been making it ever since, and raising a fine big family of children and grandchildren to carry it on. His customers all become his friends, and are innumerable. And he has raised a lot of collectors too, young business men who drop into the shop on Ann Street and browse round.

The most forcible case of dropping in was not long ago when a painter, working on an adjoining building, fell from his scaffold and through the skylight of Mendoza's back room, that genial little cavern where the rare books are kept. By some miracle of luck the man was not hurt.

On one of the shelves of that back room is an association copy that should catch the eye of some Browning collector. It's the *Familiar Letters of James Howell*, 9th edition, 1726. And besides the word *Familiar* on the title pages two signatures are neatly bracketted, like this:—

FAMILIAR { Elizabeth B. Barrett / Robert Browning

Those names were written, I expect, on Wimpole Street.

⁂ ⁂

A dark horse that looks to me to have chances is *The Survivors*, by Francis H. Sibson. Any bookseller who will give himself a good evening with this wild yarn (more exciting than most cinemas) can sell a lot of it (Doubleday).

And my special congratulation to good old Henry Holt and Co. for two such grand detective tales in one season as *The Trial of Gregor Kaska* (a translation from the German, and a book quite unique in its kind) and *The Stolen Cellini*, a tale of most engaging suavity. It ingeniously leaves one little code message (p. 170) to be worked out by the reader. You won't find it difficult.

The most erudite pun in recent fiction is probably that in Russell Thorndyke's *The Devil in The Belfry*, a mystery story (Dial Press).—We were really amused by the description of the hero's dismay at finding himself in a railway carriage with seven blokes who were so tough looking that he knew they must be Princeton men. "Few would relish," says Mr. Thorndyke, "being the constant campanion of seven old Princetonians."

Few also will relish the jape unless they remember that Princeton, in England, is a famous convict prison; and to be sure that "campanion" isn't a misprint you must remember the word "campanology."

When an English writer refers to the American Princeton he usually spells it "Princetown."

ISAAC MENDOZA.

In this very Review, about *anno* 1926 (as previously elsewhere), Cooper's Oxford Marmalade was bespoken as the best of all the varieties of squish or breakfast-gum. It is the genuine aristocrat of the breakfast table, so imagine the pleasure of learning (from an advt in the *New Yorker;* what ho, 45th Street) that Frank Cooper now has a distributor right here in town, Mr. R. L. Albert of 466 Greenwich Street. Cooper's marmalade is bitterly and beneficently different from the usual run of saccharine mucilage; and if you think this has nothing to do with literature, how wrong you are; many of the liveliest authors from Compton Mackenzie and Philip Guedalla and A. P. Herbert and Geoffrey Dennis down to J. B. S. Haldane and Aldous Huxley were reared on Cooper's. And it's much more practical to review a case of good grub than many of the new novels.

⁂ ⁂

A severe blow was dealt to the Book Trade by the recent closing of a favorite mid-town haunt on East 38th Street. This most comfortably conducted of lunching places, in a charming old mansion which had once belonged to a president of Tiffany's, was known in a small coterie as The Goldfish Bowl and had even been mentioned in recent fiction. It was specially frequented by the scheming entrepreneurs of Harper's and Doubleday's; a Nobel prize-winner had there been groomed for a new contract and a British lecturer who had erred was stayed with flagons. The proprietor showed his appreciation of all this literary trade by naming a special mess of spinach after a literary critic. *Eheu, fugaces* . . . when you open up again, A—, send us your new address.

⁂ ⁂

I make myself tea, flavored with slices of lemon and sugar. I don't take milk. I remember a tea planter railing at the enormity of mixing a fine oriental vegetable decoction like tea with the vulgar animal product of a cow's udder.

—The Private Papers of a Bankrupt Bookseller (anon; published by Appleton; I doubt its authenticity, but it is pleasant reading and timely enough nowadays).

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DUTTON

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to Mrs. Becker, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

M. L. B., Washington, D. C., plans to "take next Summer's vacation in Vermont, motoring leisurely through the state and stopping where inclination leads": books are needed for "learning more about the background of this state."

MANY and unpredictable are the sidelines of this department. The latest seems to be heading toward real estate; a lady in Schenectady—who has just written to tell me about it—was so taken with my references to Vermont, here and in "Adventures in Reading," that upon learning from a review of this work in Miss Bertha Mahoney's magazine, *The Horn Book*, that the scene of its opening chapter was North Pomfret, she sent forthwith to the postmaster of this community (five white houses in a huddle, a white church, a general store, and all the rest farms far apart) and asked if anyone took summer boarders. As a result she has spent there every summer since; she has played the organ in church, and her family has strengthened and sometimes altogether supplied the choir; they all know everybody, including my folks, and have become an active part in a lovely life no one believes possible nowadays. In case the following list sets up similar reactions, I have just heard that the house celebrated in "Adventures in Reading" is tentatively on the market, and if there were any reasonableness in real estate prospective buyers would have to pass an examination to see if they could appreciate it.

For winters in Vermont are cold—see Anne Bosworth Greene's classic of solitude, "The Lone Winter" (Century)—but—how about being able to tell your friends about thirty degrees below? I've seen it lower, but Vermonters have learned that the limit of credibility for foreigners is thirty below. How about the rest of the glorious year—described in Mrs. Greene's "Dipper Hill" (Century)? She lives over the township line from us, about as far in one direction as Sinclair Lewis's house at Barnard is in the other. Turn another way and you have the scene of Mary E. Waller's "Wood Carver of 'Lympus" (Little, Brown). Keep going and you come to Dorothy Canfield country; "Understood Betsy" (Holt) and "Raw Material" (Harcourt, Brace), where you may find that grand old diehard, Old Man Warner. Or you come upon Zephine Humphries's "The Beloved Community" (Dutton); people think this book but the vision of fulfilled desire; they just can't believe that such a vision could be fulfilled in a Vermont village. But I can assure you that this, and her "Mountain Verities" and "Winterwise" (Dutton) are straight out of life. Why, if you should take one of those opinionated little roads edging incredibly up the side of a mountain and pause (you'll have to) to lean over the bars of some old fellow's barnyard, you are like as not to hear him talk julluk Rowland Robinson's cronies, who lived in "Danvis" years ago and go on living in "Uncle Lisha's Shop" (Houghton Mifflin) today. But don't wait too long: at any moment that codger on the hill-road may put in a radio, that mail-order catalogue of speech.

This being a motor tour, however leisurely, it is bound to take in other parts of New England; a general travel book, detailed and well-illustrated, is J. T. Faris's "Seeing the Eastern States" (Lippincott); "Along New England Roads," by W. C. Prime (Scribner), and "Highways and Byways of New England" by Clifton Johnson (Macmillan) are good, too, the latter having good pictures. I fear that Wallace Nutting's picture-book, "Vermont Beautiful" (Old America) is out of print, but it should not be out of reach; it has some three hundred photographs. The Bureau of Publicity, Office of the Secretary of State, Montpelier, issues guides to the lake region and the Green Mountains.

If you are taking the latter on foot, get "Trails and Summits of the Green Mountains," by W. C. O'Kane (Houghton Mifflin), a pocket-guide describing twenty-two peaks and giving maps with camps and all other necessary information indicated. Be sure to get "Blythe Mountain," Christopher Morley (Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vt.), a fifty-best-book collector's item about Mr. Morley's own adventure in geography—and send for the little price-list of this publishing house, for every book on it is valuable to a Vermonter. It has, for instance, an admirable ballad collection. Speaking of that, Schirmer publishes those "Songs from the Hills of Vermont," words and piano accompaniment, that keep coming out on concert programs; the foreword describes three aged balladists who are photographed on what looks just like our side porch. Tuttle, Rutland, publishes valuable Vermontiana; "Uncommon Vermont," by J. P. Lee, with John Spargo's introduction, was in a limited edition, 1926. John Cotton Dana's Elm Tree Press at Woodstock brought out some beautiful little books: his own "Vermont Explained by a Typical Vermont Village"—this is Plymouth—and a delightful "Narrative of a Tour through the State of Vermont" undertaken by Rev. Nathan Perkins of Connecticut in 1789. He found it rough and by no means given to the gospel; they ordered things better in Connecticut, he thought. You will find brief history in "The Story of Vermont," by H. W. Slocum (Scribner), and in Rowland Robinson's "Vermont" (Houghton Mifflin), where you may learn how this spunky commonwealth was once on the verge of declaring itself independent not only from England but from all the rest of creation.

P. J. F., Emanus, Pa., has come across so many sayings attributed to Lincoln that he is beginning to question the authenticity of some of these remarks and wants an authoritative volume or volumes giving his speeches (official and political) and noteworthy correspondence. For this I went to the Library of Congress, for whom Fred. W. Ashley, Chief Assistant Librarian, speaks, saying that he chose the following from a considerable number of volumes, taking into account the standing of the editors as historians and men of letters. The modest prices quoted, he says, are in no sense indicative of their high value. "Selected Writings of Abraham Lincoln," edited by Albert Bushnell Hart (Gregg 52 cents); a well-chosen selection of speeches (1857-1865), some of the personal correspondence with friends, and the lofty letters to the kindred of dead soldiers. "Selections from Lincoln," edited by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson (Scribner $1); this has selected public papers (fifty-one speeches, inaugural letters, open letters, etc.), twenty fables, and a number of letters and meditations. He adds that although not falling within the category of "Speeches and Letters," strictly construed it may not be amiss to call attention to "An Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln," consisting of the personal portions of his letters, speeches, and conversations, compiled and annotated by N. W. Stephenson (Bobbs-Merrill: 1926. $5). Mr. Ashley adds: "From many commendatory reviews, these sentences of Irving Bacheller may serve to characterize the book: 'When one of expert judgment searches in thousands of printed pages scattered through a ton of books, more or less, to find the heart and soul of a man and then shows it in a single vivid volume easily read and handled, he has rendered a great service to the public. That is what N. W. Stephenson has done."

C. S. H., St. David's, Pa., asks which novels of Eden Phillpotts constitute the Dartmoor Series and which the Industrial Novels. The Widecombe Edition of the Dartmoor Novels is as follows: "Children of the Mist" (1898), "Sons of the Morning," "The River," "The Secret Woman," "The Portreeve," "The Whirlwind," "The Mother," "The Virgin in Judgment," "The Three Brothers," "The Thief of Virtue," "The Beacon," "Demeter's Daughter," "The Forest on the Hill," "Widecombe Fair," "Brunel's Tower," "Miser's Money," "Orphan Dinah," and "Children of the Mist" (1923). The just-published "Stormbury" (Macmillan), belongs to the Devonshire novels, and is an example of the truth that in fiction there is nor small nor great save as they are made so by the author. For here is a family of small folk in farming country, surrounded by other small farming folk, and they keep you so unaccountably excited over their tempers and their trials, their marriages, and their general everyday doings, that you let the doings of the grand go by while you read on about them.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Art

EARLY AMERICAN PAINTING. By FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN. Century. 1932. $4.

Into two hundred and seventy pages Mr. Sherman has crowded succinct notices of over one hundred and twenty American painters who worked before the Mexican War. This field has usually been given over to the antiquarian. Being a diligent antiquarian, the author is also a very personal critic. So, while the book is chiefly informational, it also abounds in revaluations, not to say iconoclasms.

It is hard to go with Mr. Sherman in regarding Copley as less a painter of character than of costume, even harder to see in Matthew Pratt the first American portraitist with a national style. At least such apparent paradoxes stimulate to restudy of the matter. Mr. Sherman's praise of Richard Jennys and of James Frothingham should set many an amateur on the track of those neglected artists.

There are the omissions and errors inevitable in any encyclopedic survey. Henry Sargent is not included among the *genre* painters, though his pictures of social entertainments at Boston are in every way remarkable. That F. E. Church "never went to Europe" is, in view of his pictures, a very curious misstatement. He painted widely in Asia Minor and Europe. In compensation a great number of new artists are brought to light, and in this respect the book is more inclusive than anything of its kind. It would have added value to the brief notices to add dates of birth and death. There are many excellent illustrations and a considerable bibliography.

While from a literary point of view the balance between information and criticism is vacillating—for example, a reader would welcome the reasons for an admiration for Cole which the present reviewer shares—, the book is unpretentiously well written. Every student or amateur of the field must eventually have it on his shelves.

Fiction

A CLUE FROM THE STARS. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Macmillan. 1932. $2.

STORMBURY, A STORY OF DEVON. The same.

A very distinguished philosopher once confided to the writer that one reason that he enjoyed English detective stories was because in them he found described the kind of English scene and English life that he liked to read about. What he meant was that in detective stories one still gets the squire and the parson, the family butler, the gamekeeper, the deferential villager—all the *dramatis personæ* of a Trollopian novel, in fact the English country scene as it used to be in Victorian and Edwardian days.

In the case of Eden Phillpotts it is perhaps not surprising to find him writing a mystery story in a Trollopian setting since Mr. Phillpotts, almost alone of English authors, still habitually sings the praise of the old English country life. The thing that is surprising is that the same author should be able to write two such totally dissimilar styles of fiction in the same vein. The first of these books has all the merits that one usually requires in a mystery story except that of rapid action, and after all there is no particular reason why the action of a detective tale should be any more rapid than that of any other kind of tale: certainly detectives themselves are not often in a hurry. In point of sustained interest and suspense and a perfectly legitimate throwing of the reader onto false scents, "A Clue from the Stars" lives up to the best tradition of detective fiction. The dénouement is concealed until the last minute and is both ingenious and plausible. The story has the additional merit of being admirably written and excellent in characterization.

"Stormbury" is in the mood of what has come to be known as the typical Eden Phillpotts story. The scene is laid in the author's favorite Devonshire and concerns the farming folk of that most attractive perhaps of all English counties. It is a slow-moving, leisurely story of the Veryard family of Stormburg farm; of their relatives and neighbors; of their loves, their quarrels, and their bickerings. The central figure is that of Bessie Veryard, masterful widow of the late owner of Stormbury, whose silent struggle with her elder son Adam for control of the farm supplies the thin thread of plot for the story. The charm of the book, however, is quite independent of plot and lies in the careful etchings of the numerous array of interesting characters in this countryside of western England.

Miscellaneous

THE DICTIONARY COMPANION. By C. O. SYLVESTER MAWSON. Doubleday, Doran. 1932.

This book might also have been called the stenographer's companion. Its purpose is to present a systematized and explanatory account of some of the simpler information contained in the dictionaries, especially with respect to spelling. The first half of the book contains this digested material, and the second half consists of two word lists in alphabetical order, one on etymologies, and a second and longer list with cross references to the first half of the book. The work is carefully compiled and should prove useful to those who find difficulty in abstracting information from a dictionary.

War

TIME STOOD STILL: 1914-1918. By PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM. Dutton. 1932.

The effects of internment camp life reached their climax many years after the war. Some ex-prisoners went mad. Some committed suicide. Mr. Cohen-Portheim wrote a book.

> This book tells of the experiences of a German civilian interned in England, and it is the author's aim to describe nothing except what he actually saw and experienced.

Such an intention is beyond criticism; and yet the result is a "document"—by which I mean a piece of writing which has not quite succeeded in becoming literature. We are told how the camps at Knockaloe and Wakefield were arranged and how they were controlled, what sort of people went there, what were their amusements, deprivations, kinds of behavior—all the possible variations in a life "where there is no aim, no object, no sense." We have all the facts: but we miss the experience of them.

> Dostoievski [says Mr. Cohen-Portheim] in his marvellous memories of his life as a prisoner in Siberia calls the prison "a house of the dead," and no better term could be found for Wakefield. That book describes the atmosphere most admirably, and even most of its characters depicted are images of Wakefield prisoners. . . .

Let the contrast be on Cohen-Portheim's head. Certainly, Dostoievski's book is called "The House of the Dead," but, as the White Knight would have said, that is what the book is called. Whereas Cohen-Portheim really does write about dead people—in the very ordinary sense that he has not made them come alive.

He aims at "the rediscovery of the truth"—a process which is clearly rather imaginative than reminiscent—and this rediscovery is to be conditioned by "strict truthfulness." This is even more difficult than it sounds; it requires a writer who is something of the novelist, something of the poet, and something of the recording angel all rolled into one; and those who aim at it are in danger of the letter that kills. "Time Stood Still," for example, literally conforms to a life which was "monotonous . . . drab . . . futile . . ."; but when its author goes on to say "and in that futility lay its tragedy," we can only answer that there is no spirit of tragedy in his book. Situation after situation occurs where tragedy is observed and analyzed but not experienced, where the author's emotions—of compassion, friendship, hatred, irritation, disgust—give way to a just and accurate reporting. That is why the book is a document: the facts are there, and no writer alive could have presented them more fairly, but we are asked to do the imagining.

The "system," we suppose, has had its way again; that terrible internment camp system which would deny the victims all experience except the experience of futility. Its last and most tangible victim seems to be a book called "Time Stood Still."

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Assistant Professor of Architecture, McGill University

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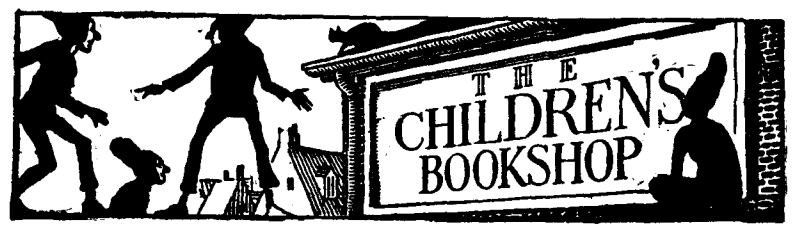

Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

Primitive Designs for Life Patterns

By BERTHA E. MAHONY

Big Star, I am your child for I have heard your song.

Wind, I am your child, for your trail is marked on the ends of my fingers.

Cloud, I am your child, for you have poured water in the rocks for me.

Rainbow, I am your child, for you have brought the rain to the parched earth and the corn is green.

SO chants Younger Brother, in that book of unusual beauty, "Waterless Mountain,"* by Florence Armer. In this book one is impressed anew with the Indians' rhythmic sense of union with all living things — plants, clouds, creatures. He did not know all that we know of natural science, but he actually felt the spirit within him as a power which flowed through all life. And the literature of his race with his religion as an integral part of it, and its constant daily practices of faith gave him the images and ways of increasing this power.

It was a commonplace for the Indian, boy and man, to go out into a lonely place to open his spirit to this special power, and this was his commonest form of prayer. He knew that he had within him a special receiving station and that given the proper conditions — quiet, solitude, humility, reverence,—he would receive an added voltage from this element in the universe.

Like the Navajo chant quoted above, an Indian boy's prayer was usually an expression of his spirit's communion with nature. His literature gave him beautiful symbolic images of natural happenings (the Sun Bearer travelling across the sky to the home of the Turquoise Woman on an island in the wide water of the west), also helped to lift his spirit away from the commonplace, and, as is the way with symbols, gave him the power of detachment. Then the important natural events in his own life were attended with ceremony, and ceremony adds its own beauty to the scene.

We cannot do away with our increasing knowledge of natural science, and would not if we could. But is it not possible that in our emphasis upon things of the mind, we may have become neglectful of the power of spirit, and also of the ancient knowledge and skills of the body? Most people would agree, I think, that it is the spirit which directs the whole personality. It makes use of all the body knows, and depends upon the mind as its chief assistant.

When any art becomes refined to the point of thinness, the artist instinctively goes to a fresh and vital source in primitive life. Today, when the art of living seems thin, we may well search the records of so-called primitive races for fresh patterns. "Waterless Mountain" expresses such a pattern rather completely. But, strangely enough, another book published at the same time as "Waterless Mountain" presents the same identical pattern, though race and geographical location are far apart.

Eunice Tietjens's "Boy of the South Seas"** tells the story of a Marquesan boy bred upon a noble literature and tradition. Into the final shaping of his personality there enter the same elements as go to the making of the Navajo boy: complete physical development (beyond anything our children know today); the development of the spirit through its proper daily exercise and nurture; and a skill of hand through which the beauty which is felt may be expressed.

There was a childlike quality in the primitive literature and mythology which personified all the powers of nature in the image of man himself. This quality comes down to our time in the holding to the personification of that element or power in the universe as God from which we each derive our own spirit. Surely children today might be given the sense of this power as inherent in the universe, one which is within them and upon which they may draw endlessly as they desire, rather than as a mysterious deity outside of themselves to whom they should rely as upon an all-seeing or all-accomplishing father.

In the lives of both boys there was a kind of integration lacking in our life today. Their racial literature and religion were closely interwoven, and their daily lives were a constant expression of both. Literature and religion were expressed in the way seeds were sown, and corn was harvested; in a boy's passing from childhood to adolescence; in his songs, his dances, his sand-painting, his rug-weaving, and his jewelry-making. The spirit was nurtured upon beauty and when a child has had beautiful images combined with simple expressive ceremonies, he comes to think in these terms.

In many ways children in America today are farther advanced, more confident

FROM "WATERLESS MOUNTAIN"

and independent than perhaps children have ever been, but what have they that serves them as racial literature, faith, and ceremony served "Younger Brother" of the Navajos or Teiki the Marquesan boy in his long exile on the island of Moorea far from his home?

Again and again the young Indian goes into solitude to call upon the power within himself. Perhaps the spiritual need to which we should give most thought today is the need for leisure and solitude. Every child has his own spiritual plants, given some chance for the quiet in which to grow them.

On the summit of the clouds
He sought the gods and found them.
With a prayer within his heart
He sought the gods and found them.

Stirring Times

BELINDA IN NEW ORLEANS. By GLADYS BLAKE. New York: D. Appleton & Dutton & Co. 1932. $2.

KATHERINE GORDON, PATRIOT. By GERTRUDE CROWNFIELD. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by G. G. TRENERY

THESE two tales of old and stirring times in the South have decided points of interest, and give vivid pictures of the days when the history of the States was in the melting pot, and the fires that heated the pot were both fierce and sudden.

The story of "Belinda in New Orleans," by Gladys Blake, is set in a romantic and picturesque city for the most part, and depends rather on its atmosphere of old-world charm and courtliness than on its plot. The latter is rather timeworn with its hero the shabby country lad who is transformed so conveniently for all concerned into the heir to a great estate, and its villain who is so consistently villainous, so fat and annoying, so transparent a schemer that we are too bored even to rejoice in his final defeat.

Nevertheless, the setting of the tale and

* Waterless Mountain. By Florence Armer. Longmans, Green. 1931. $3.

** Boy of the South Seas. By Eunice Tietjens. Coward-McCann. 1931. $2.50.

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many of its incidents make it quite worth reading. The long, dangerous journey Belinda makes from Virginia to New Orleans across the mountains and over the dreaded wilderness road is graphically described; we tremble for Belinda and her fellow passengers, and sympathize with the "Mrs. Gummidge" of the party, who takes the gloomiest possible view of everything. It is a relief when the boilers of the ambitious Mississippi steamboat burst, and Belinda is flung into the river with the crocodiles, for, after so much anticipatory alarm, a crisis was needed to the long trip, and only just inserted in time.

Jean Lafitte figures in the plot very picturesquely, at a picnic on Ghost Island, and General Jackson's arrival at New Orleans offers the hero a chance to come out into the open at last as a true patriot, while the stout Auguste betrays himself at the same time as an enemy spy.

The story of "Katherine Gordon, Patriot," by Gertrude Crownfield, is more solid and compact in structure. The long terrible strain of war is well portrayed. Miss Crownfield has chosen Charlestown and Yorktown as centres of interest, and the sieges of these two cities are realistic and faithful accounts of the sufferings and horror of those times.

The four members of the Gordon family are well drawn—a touch of perfervid nobility may be allowed in a tale of patriots—but it seems remarkable that Blake Hamlin should have been thwarted quite so persistently in his efforts to revenge himself on Katherine and her brother, considering his excellent opportunities. The author would have produced a more convincing tale if she could have steeled her heart to kill Tom instead of the gentle mother. Someone had to be sacrificed, but Mrs. Gordon was not an important enough victim—merely a sop to Cerberus!

The plot is skilfully woven and develops without any sense of strain or unreality, and a great many famous men of the period walk on and off the stage. General Washington himself completes the list, but Francis Marion, with his ragged, undaunted handful of men, stands out particularly in this story of heroes and heroism, and, from the moment he jumps from a window to escape a drunken revel and breaks his ankle, we follow his career with unflagging interest.

The book can hardly fail to add to a young reader's knowledge and interest in the events that immediately preceded the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the author has effectively presented the "girl of the period" whose courage and resourcefulness bulked so largely in the patriots' valiant fight for freedom.

Spring Holiday

THE SPIDER'S PALACE AND OTHER STORIES. By RICHARD HUGHES. With Illustrations by GEORGE CHARLTON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $1.50.

Reviewed by ANNE CARROLL MOORE

Tell me where is Fancie bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Replie, replie!

THE ding, dong, bell of Fancie's knell has been repeatedly rung from age to age and by none more persistently than by those who make hue and cry in the name of education.

From the eyes and no eyes school of writing of Charles Lamb's day to the clattering stream of steam shovel types of our own, the mirror has been held up to the obvious to a degree that is as stultifying to the imagination of a growing child as it is paralyzing to the invention of the creative writer.

Setting out to teach children something or other in a book is and will always remain a totally different thing from creating stories, poems, pictures for sheer joy of creation.

To think, or to see, in the least like a child requires an effort of will and imagination beyond the reach of most of us. To evoke a child's spontaneous laughter, to stretch his credulity in the marvellous is so rare a gift in a child's book as to warrant the declaration of a Spring holiday in which to share one's delight in the unexpected.

Anne Parrish gave occasion for one such holiday in "Floating Island." An event duly celebrated with balloons by the children of New York. Dorothy Lathrop in "The Fairy Circus" provided another. For each of these books the author drew her own pictures as an indispensable part of her creation. One could wish that Richard Hughes had done the same, or, if unable to draw himself, that he might at least have had the collaboration of an artist with the restraint to remain non-committal. It is unfortunate that one must get rid of the impression left by title and illustrations before one can yield to the charm and originality of these improvisations of an exuberant fancy.

No hint of the flashing humor, the wealth of invention, the felicity of style, the rare qualities of beauty and wildness in the tales is conveyed by "The Spider's Palace," a title chosen at random apparently from one of the tales. Had the book been given the title of the first delicious story, "Living in W'ales" (and Other Wild Tales), and a pictorial accompaniment in harmony with so refreshing a text, it would have needed no other comment from a reviewer than a few well chosen lines from Edward Lear and Frank Stockton to introduce it as a children's book that is sheer entertainment.

That the twenty stories of Mr. Hughes's book are equally good is too much to claim. They vary considerably. One may have favorites among them, my own at the moment are "Living in W'ales," a most perfect example of imaginative reality, "The Dark Child," which has classic beauty as well as clever invention, "The Man with a Green Face," the most fantastic of them all, "The Invitation," with its moonlight and invisible postman, "The Hasty Cook," "The Magic Glass," and "The China Spaniel." It is the irresistible China Spaniel who sets first the school, at which he is a scholar, and then the whole world chanting:

Pink and green silver-paper toffee-paper!
Pink and green silver-paper toffee-paper!

"The Three Sheep," the only one of the stories with the quality and rendering of the folk tale, is indicative of the story-teller's complete mastery of this form. It is not, however, an improvisation but a story with a plan and belongs to another collection of stories for older children rather than to this one.

Quite unmistakably do these stories spring from the mind which dealt with the children of "The Innocent Voyage" with such amazing insight and clarity—a mind as free of sentimentality as it is sensitive to the beauty and high spirits of children as living creatures in a free environment.

Writers of stories for children as well as discerning parents and teachers may well take such a book to heart. There is more to be learned from it of what children like and dislike and *are like* than one can absorb in a single reading. There is much to be learned also of the uses of magic in the swift and joyous completion of one's daily round in the company of children provided one does not scorn such charming possibilities as are presented by bursting pyjama buttons and magic grains of rice.

Imaginative reality knows no boundaries, and the magic glass is no respecter of the person, it may turn into a Golliwog or Dismal Desmond. Mrs. Bas-Thornton of "The Innocent Voyage" be it remembered, who persisted in reading "The Lady of the Lake" aloud to her children in the midst of the hurricane, began to read at the age of two and a half, and "her reading was always serious."

Mr. Hughes draws no moral for children or parents. He is concerned with life and its emergencies—the here and now of the spirit in terms of childhood. I for one shall look expectantly for such another lively tale for children as he may some day spin all in one piece as he wanders about the world. For Mr. Hughes, like Mr. Lear, is a traveller in the real world as well as in that of the imagination.

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PHILADELPHIA

The PHŒNIX NEST

WORD comes to us from the Coast of an annual pageant of which we formerly knew nothing, and yet it seems it has been going on for ten years. It is the Ramona Pageant, an outdoor play presented in a natural amphitheatre at the foot of Mt. San Jacinto, a dramatization by the late *Garnet Holme* of *Helen Hunt* Jackson's immortal novel, "Ramona." It is strictly a non-profit, community enterprise, sponsored by the people of Hemet and San Jacinto, and has as its sole object the preservation of the history, romance, and traditions of early California. This year its dates are the Saturday and Sunday afternoons of April 23rd and 24th, April 30th and May 1st, May 7th and 8th, at three o'clock each afternoon. . . .

Theodore Dreiser recently received a telegram from *Patrick Kearney*, the playwright and adapter for the stage of "An American Tragedy," which stated that a great friend of Kearney's, *Martin Mooney*, under contract to Universal, spoke at Kearney's instigation recently before the local John Reed Club "about the horrible conditions at Boulder Dam." The next morning, Kearney states, Mooney was fired and Kearney later dismissed. Mooney's work for Universal has before this been highly acclaimed and Kearney's first picture, "The Doomed Battalion," recently previewed in Hollywood, was acknowledged to be a remarkable picture. Action taken against a man's personal political opinions or attitude toward social conditions is a limitation of the freedom of the human conscience. Such action is, to say the least, stupid to the last degree. Anyone with enough spirit to be a creative writer must feel deeply on the subject of certain social injustices and abuses. To dismiss a good workman in the field of creative writing from an occupation by which a large corporation profits hugely when his work is successful, because he is man enough to retain his own individuality and conscience, accounts for the continuance of so much hokum and deleterious, disingenuous writing in the field of the motion picture and is an insult to all the honest work that is being done in that field. . . .

In *Upton Sinclair's* book of reminiscences, "American Outpost" (Farrar & Rinehart), he pays a fine tribute to the American composer, *Edward MacDowell*, in whose name was started years ago at Peterboro, N. H., that Colony which has given the opportunity to many writers, painters, sculptors and musicians for uninterrupted work at their chosen arts during many spring and summer months. Sinclair met MacDowell at Columbia when the latter was head of the department of music there. In January, 1928, an article by Upton Sinclair appeared in Mencken's *The American Mercury*, full of reminiscences of MacDowell. "Here," says Sinclair in his book, "was a man who had the true fire and glory, yet at the same time was perfectly controlled; it was only now and then, when some bit of philistinism roused his anger, that I saw the sparks fly. . . ."

Doubleday, Doran will publish on the 21st Rudyard Kipling's "Limits and Renewals," the first new book of Kipling's in six years. It contains fourteen short stories and nineteen new poems; three stories and all of the poems have never before appeared in print and none of them has been published in book form. The entire Kipling property is selling as well today as it did twenty years ago. During the first six months of last year the American publishers alone sold 36,165 copies; over seventy thousand copies a year. Yet of all the Kipling list there are only four novels. These huge sales are rolled up by books of short stories, children's stories, and poems! . . .

Crittenden Marriot, author, newspaper man, world traveler, died recently in Washington after a long illness. He was sixty-five years old and wrote "The Isle of Dead Ships" which was used for both a silent movie and a talkie and was published by Lippincott's in Philadelphia. Recently a short story of his was dramatized and appeared as a melodrama on Broadway. . . .

Lee Simonson's book on the theatre, "The Stage is Set," which Harcourt was to bring out this month has been postponed until early fall. This month Mr. Simonson has been giving a series of lectures on "The Scene Designer's Job," at the New School for Social Research, where a collection of photographs of his stage settings is now on exhibit. . . .

The May issue of *The Elementary English Review* will be a memorial number for the late *Vachel Lindsay*. It will include papers by *Frederic Melcher, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Witter Bynner*, and others. Those wishing to purchase copies of this number should address the *Review's* editor at 4070 Vicksburg Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. . . .

Edwin Markham's fifth book of verse, "New Poems: Eighty Songs and Eighty," is published by Doubleday, Doran on April 23rd. The publisher's Note that opens the volume reminds us of what *Edwin Arlington Robinson* once wrote of that burly and genial dean of American poetry:

Time, always writing, sees no trace
Of all he writes on Markham's face.
On Markham's face he writes in vain:
Apollo rubs it out again.

Our editor, *Henry Seidel Canby's* "Classic Americans," a comprehensive study of the great American writers through Whitman, which was published last Autumn by Harcourt, Brace & Company, is to be published shortly in England by the Oxford University Press. . . .

When *Walter Lippmann* recently wrote in the *New York Herald Tribune* on *Sir Arthur Salter's* "Recovery," one thousand and twenty-five telegraphed orders flowed into the Century Company as a result, between the hours of nine A. M. and one P. M. the same day! And the orders went strong for days after. Sir Arthur Salter was formerly British Economics Expert of the League of Nations. Apparently when Lippmann says a book is authoritative in discussing the depression and the way such phenomena run their course, there are a whole lot of people panting to read the book he recommends. . . .

News comes from the Coast that the recently-married *Zoë Akins*, the dramatist, has a new novel well in hand and hopes to have it finished soon. . . .

We congratulate our old friend the humorist, *Lawton Mackall*, for being decorated with the Order of Christ the Redeemer for writing his recent travel book on Portugal. . . .

E. L. Mattern of Erie, Pa., sends us the ensuing:

> Note, please, the following clipped from the catalogue of a London second-hand bookseller:
>
> AMERICANA
>
> Here are books of, or about, America, that great continent of great-hearted yet mysterious people who speak (mostly) our own language, but who are too far separated from us to do us any good, or maybe to do us any harm!
>
> I wonder if we really seem like that to our English cousins. Even if all our efforts for their and the world's good may have been in vain, surely, I pray, we may never do them any harm.

Zane Grey, himself, appears as a motion picture star in "South Sea Adventures," which opens in New York this week. The picture was made during Zane Grey's fishing trip to the South Seas last year, the story of which was told in his "Tales of Tahitian Waters," recently published by Harper's. . . .

The same firm is publishing this spring *Glenway Wescott's* first book of non-fiction, "Fear and Trembling." *Monroe Wheeler* of the Harrison of Paris Press, which a year ago published a limited edition of Mr. Westcott's "The Babe's Bed," received the completed manuscript of "Fear and Trembling" just five minutes before Mr. Wheeler's boat sailed for America. Westcott had been working at it steadily for five months from ten o'clock in the morning until three or four the following morning. . . .

We have heard fine things of *Gilbert W. Gabriel's* novel, "I, James Lewis." In that connection it is a fact that once Gabriel lost thirty thousand words from out the middle of the book and found an entire summer's labor wasted. He could only wait till the following summer, being a dramatic critic in the world's busiest theatre district in winter, and doggedly rewrite every word. Now he makes carbon copies of his every paragraph, religiously!

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Columbia University Press announces a new publication: "Fools and Folly During the Middle Ages and the Renaissance," by Barbara Swain (price, $3.00)—a utilization of the contemporary material, designed to show the unique effectiveness and interest of Erasmus' "Praise of Folly" among the many others presenting fools, both voluntary and innate, in those times.

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English Copybooks

ENGLISH WRITING MASTERS AND THEIR COPYBOOKS. By AMBROSE HEAL. Cambridge, England: University Press. (Macmillan). 1931. $50.

TIME was when the writing of a neat, orderly hand was one of the requirements of gentility, and the teaching of handwriting, the forcing of the facile but often cumbrous fist to reduce it's primeval scrawls to something approaching legibility and dignity, was a recognized profession. The art of writing, which attained a high level in the old "secretary" hand of, say, the sixteenth century, reached probably its nadir in the "Spencerian" hand so familiar in the last century. The corruption of handwriting was accelerated by the invention of the steel pen with its fine nibs, but even the quill when sharpened to a fine point tended to degrade it. Only the broad pen is capable of really good letter forms, and the renewed interest in broad pen work in recent years has done much to restore penmanship as a fine art. What penmanship was between the abandonment of the broad quill point and the adoption of the teaching of Edward Johnston and his pupils seems largely to have been a sort of exhibitionism on the part of the writing masters. Their great cleverness and facility of course fitted the age, fitted the style of decorative art which prevailed at the time.

The copybooks which provided instruction for the fingers of youth between 1570 and 1800, however much they may seem labored, and, in comparison with broad pen work, less distinctive, are indicative of the taste of the time, and worthy of the definitive consideration which Mr. Heal has given them in this large and elaborate volume. They display, despite the relatively long period covered, and despite many vagaries of penmanship and letter design, a surprising fundamental similarity. With minor exceptions they all testify to the universality of the running hand in substantially the form which most people use today: the letters are connected instead of being separate as in the so-called "manuscript" hands which find favor today amongst progressive teachers. The necessity for connecting the great majority of letters forces arbitrary and sometimes ugly or distorted forms. While the line or the page as a whole achieves unity and smoothness, it loses individuality; the dead hand of the teacher is far too evident. Naturally these various alphabets and combinations are the models —and happily few people have ever been able to achieve the complete control of the pen which permits them to write "copybook hand." The old Adam will out, with the result that human hand-writing almost always possesses an individuality (frequently an illegibility!) which must have been the despair of the writing masters.

Yet if an individualist may rail at the ideal of a whole nation writing a uniform hand (the complete elimination of variety which the typewriter has brought about is merely the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole matter), yet the skill and ingenuity of the English writing masters is very considerable. Swirls and flourishes, pot-hooks and elaborate interlacings, smooth, free curves and exquisite gradations of light and heavy lines were of the essence of their trade. And not infrequently very charming letter forms and well balanced designs lend grace and elegance to the pages.

The author of the present treatise, Mr. Ambrose Heal, approaches his task with enthusiasm and knowledge. Several years ago an exciting little book came from his hand on "English Trademen's Cards of the Eighteenth Century." Many of those cards were the work of writing masters, and the present volume goes at length into the history of hand writing manuals in the years between 1570 and 1800. There is a preface by Mr. Heal, a long introduction by Mr. Stanley Morison, whose studies in the italic, cursive, and similar semi-calligraphic type faces have appeared from time to time, biographies of scores of writing masters, elaborate bibliographies, twenty-three full page portraits, nearly sixty reproductions from old copybooks, and a full index; making up a most useful and complete book.

Mr. Morison's "Outline of the Development of Hand-writing" is a fourteen thousand word essay on the historical development of hand writing, with a consideration of the writing masters and letter designers of Europe and their manuals of lettering. He points out the changed character of the demands for handwriting: the fifteenth century writing master teaching a specialized group who were destined for government service where chancery and other formal hands were necessary for official correspondence, and a different, "polite" hand for the personal use of a superior class, while at the present time the "business college" is about the only teacher of writing. The various letter forms are briefly considered, and the student of writing or of lettering will find an abundance of suggestions as to source material for further use.

The portraits include such well-known figures as John Ayers, Edward Cocker, Richard Gething, and others, and the biographies are numerous and occasionally of considerable length and completeness. The bibliographies are especially valuable, owing to the transitory character of copybooks, which, being usually issued in paper covers and used pretty hardly, have suffered high mortality. The reproductions of the copybooks suffer from the gelatine process of reproduction, yet it is not probable that a better way could have been chosen to show them. Originally engraved on copper, only proofs from the copper plates (probably all destroyed years ago) would really be satisfactory. The trouble with any lithographic reproductive process is that owing to surface-printing the results lack positive sharpness. But this is a minor criticism of a thoroughly well handled volume. It is pretty large, 8¾ x 12¾ inches, printed on good paper in Baskerville type —a decent compliment to that erratic genius, whose biography appears in the book.

As the first account in modern times of the English penmen and their work from the time succeeding the monkish scriptoria to the domination of the commercial hand of the nineteenth century, the volume is an important addition to the growing list of books on lettering, and of the utmost importance to students of hand writing in the two centuries and a quarter which it covers. R.

Charles Dickens's grandson, Captain G. C. Dickens, has been promoted Rear-Admiral. He is a son of Sir Henry F. Dickens, K.C., the Common Sergeant.

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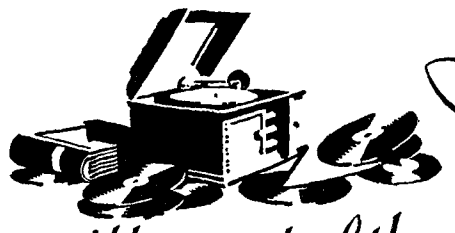

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